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Dedication

To one who has taught us to love
the best in Literature
and in Life

To Miss Chapman

with deep respect and loyal love
we dedicate

“The Iris”



MISS ELIZABETH CHAPMAN

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WARD'S FACULTY 1903.



NASHVILLE, TENN.





Girl Graduate



Is there anything that's sweeter,
 More appealing to the heart,
 Than a dinnpl'd, cooing infant?
 Nature charms us more than Art.
 Blooming skin that's smooth like velvet,
 Reguish eyes in merry glee,
 Kicking legs and clinging fingers—
 Nothing half so sweet can be.

But—hold!—here comes a tiny maiden,
 Fresh and fair and winsome quite,
 Tripping on with dainty footsteps,
 Light and airy as a sprite;
 Behold her curls and hear her laughter,
 Making music as she goes.
 She's a charming little picture
 From her head to slipper'd toes.

Ah, I know a babe is charming,
 Little bud of human kind,
 And confess in ev'ry maidlet
 Pleasure, joy, in each I find;
 But the charm of form and feature
 In another's just as true,
 While a dawning soul enraptures
 More than fleshly forms can do.

Then all hail, sweet Senior maiden!
 Hail, fair type of human spring!
 Here to thee, a votive off'ring,
 Mine bouquets to thee I fling.
 Star-ey'd hope for thee burns brightly;
 Fairy elves on thee await;
 All the world with thee rejoices;
 All is thine, fair graduate.

D. R. S.

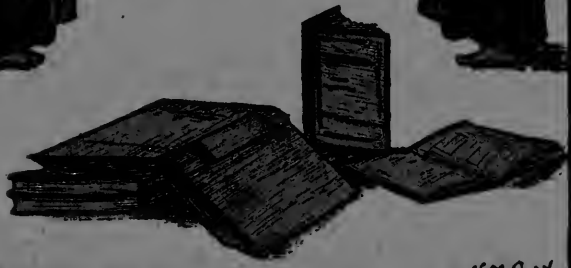


Why does "Cholly" stare as the
Ward girls pass by?

1902

1903

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
BUREAU OF PLANT INDUSTRY
OFFICE OF THE CHIEF BOTANICAL GARDEN



R.M. COY

THE
IBIS
13







SENIOR CLASS

Motto

"To be, not to seem"

Colors

Green and White

Flower

White Rose

OFFICERS

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President

MARY TOM ODIL
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Thoughts from the Sea



(Written Sunday, May 31, as my "Good-by" to my girls on
June, 3, 1903.)

O LITTLE company of brave, true souls
That with me have earnestly wrought for twice
Two years and patiently have striv'n to do
My will e'en in the face of darkness and
Of doubt, we stand to-day beside the sea.
I hear borne in upon the tide a call,
The sound as of a bugle note that seems
To waken in my soul a thrilling echo
That fills my heart with yearning and desire
To see that land across the sea and look
Upon the face of Him who sends so clear
This note that ever swells and fills the world
Around with such a flood of harmony
For those who hear that visions of a brave,
New world swim in their sight, and so I go.
Until we meet again upon the sea,
Where you perchance will follow me, be strong
And brave and true, and listen always for
That bugle strain that calls to beauty, love,
And life, and follow it till we renew
Our fellowship where hearts and deeds are true.

Yours,

ELIZABETH CHAPMAN.





LEONORA BAILEY
"Juliet"



AGNES BENNETT
"Lydia Languish"



CECILE BRYAN
"Little Dorrit"



MARTHA BUFORD
"Dame Martha"



MARTHA CAMPBELL
"Rowena"



ROWENA CARTER
"Gwendolen Harleth"



LOUISE CHESNUTT
"Sara Camp"



NANNIE CRAIG
"Ellen Douglas"



AMELIA DUDLEY
"Cordelia"



FLORENCE GOODE
"Belinda"



JOHN MALONE
"Flora MacIvce"



LAURA MALONE
"Portia"



SALLIE MCLEAN
"Griselda"



ANNIE NEIL
"Little Marchioness"



MARY TOM ODIL
"Betsy Trotwood"



CLARA PARK
"Dolly Varden"



FERMINE PRIDE
"Becky Sharpe"



BERTHA RAUSCHER
"Ione"



MABEL ROWELL
"Mrs. Jarley"



MARY SANDERS
"Katrina Van Tassel"



LILLIAN SIMPSON
"Dolly Winthrop"



MARY SUMMEY
"Romola"



GERTRUDE SOKOLOSKI
"Rebecca"



VALERY TRUDEAU
"Mrs. Malaprop"



SADIE WARNER
"Monna Brigida"





After a winter of hard work Susan is delighted
to find that her pictures are the most admired in
the Exhibition.

The Senior Prophecy.



CANTO I.

SING, oh ye Muses, how by Zeus' aid
I, to the summit of Olympus came;
How Kronos' son did to me favor show
And, with his hand, did lift up from mine eyes
That veil insignia of mortality.
I saw far in the dim obscurity,
That hanging o'er the future, hides it well!
From the eager, questioning sight of humanity.
Of what mine eyes beheld as I gazed thus,
Oh sing, Calliope, ye Muses sing,
Breathless and weary from my toilsome climb,
I sat me down to rest, and turned mine eyes
To where the marble turrets of a city
Did rest upon the winding Arno's banks,
A city built of marble, gleaming white,
Where all was richness, beauty and delight.
Thronging the streets with majestic step and slow
Did countless numbers of fair women go,
And all in students' cap and gown were decked
Their faces bright with wisdom's holy light.
And as I gazed thus, in perplexity,
A voice I heard that spoke with winged words:
"Why ponderest thou, in great bewilderment?"
I turned: my soul did know her glorious name.
"All hail, Athena! Bright-eyed Goddess, hail!
I pray thee whence these robed maidens come?
Hath war's loud summons called the men away?
And who are they? Methinks that in my mind
A faint feeling of recognition comes."
And then she made harangue, with winged words:
"Oh mortal, these of whom thou askest me
Have forsworn follies, the world, and men,
To lift their sex into a higher plane,
To set aside those strict conventional laws
That claim their inferiority to man,
This their vocation is, and here apart
From all the world, they in communion live
With nature, science and philosophy."
Mine eyes she quickened then, and bade me look.
I saw the most learned professors were
Misses Park and Nell. I looked again,
And in the train of students thronging there
Were Misses Sanders, Simpson, and McLean,
And further on the crowded thoroughfare
Were Lillian Dearing and Louise Chesnut.

CANTO II.

O BEDIENT ever to that Spirit's will,
 I turned mine eyes unto another land;
 A massive auditorium there I saw,
 Resplendent with a thousand gleaming lights,
 And softly to mine listening ears there came
 A plaintive strain, enchanting, low, and sweet;
 And then a voice, whose magic reached my heart,
 A song did sing. The sweetness of that voice
 Had Martha Campbell so renowned made
 That half the world her praises loud did sing.
 While others praised the heaven-inspired tones
 Coming from Mademoiselle Carter's violin.
 Enchanted, fain would I have lingered here,
 But some strange power elsewhere drew my sight.
 A room I saw, in which were grouped about
 Great unhewn blocks of marble, statured forms,
 And the strange implements of sculptured art.
 And there two worked with unabated zeal.
 To me, my quickened sight showed them to be
 Misses Summey and Rauscher, sculptors famed.
 And now methought I saw an eager crowd,
 That all impatient were trying to enter
 Into what, though I gazed, I could not see.
 To my Brighteyed Companion then I turned
 And query made, to which she answered thus:
 "Oh, questioner, there is one unto whom
 The gods have gracious favor shown, and given
 Power to paint such pictures that all men
 In wonder gaze. For but a glimpse of one
 These people throng." I questioned who she was,
 And that wise goddess answered, "Tom Odil."

CANTO III

AND now, methought I saw a theatre
 Where many came to see the famous stars
 Who there would play that night. Who has not heard
 Of Agnes Bennett, the tragedienne?
 Of Cecile Bryan and Leonora Bailey,
 Who over all excelled in comedy?
 And as the orchestra did softly play,
 I looked among the spectators to see
 If anywhere was one familiar face.
 There Nannie Craig I saw, most richly dressed,
 The cynosure of every eye. I knew
 That in society she was the leader,
 The model of all fashion for New York.
 There in a box did Valery Trudeau sit
 Surrounded by a coterie of beaux.
 And yet none others in that throng I knew;
 So I did ask Athens, the Brighteyed,
 Of all the rest, whom long ago I knew,
 And she answered: "Oh most impatient one,
 But wait and unto thee I will show all,
 Yet give thine ear unto me. There are two

CASTO IV.

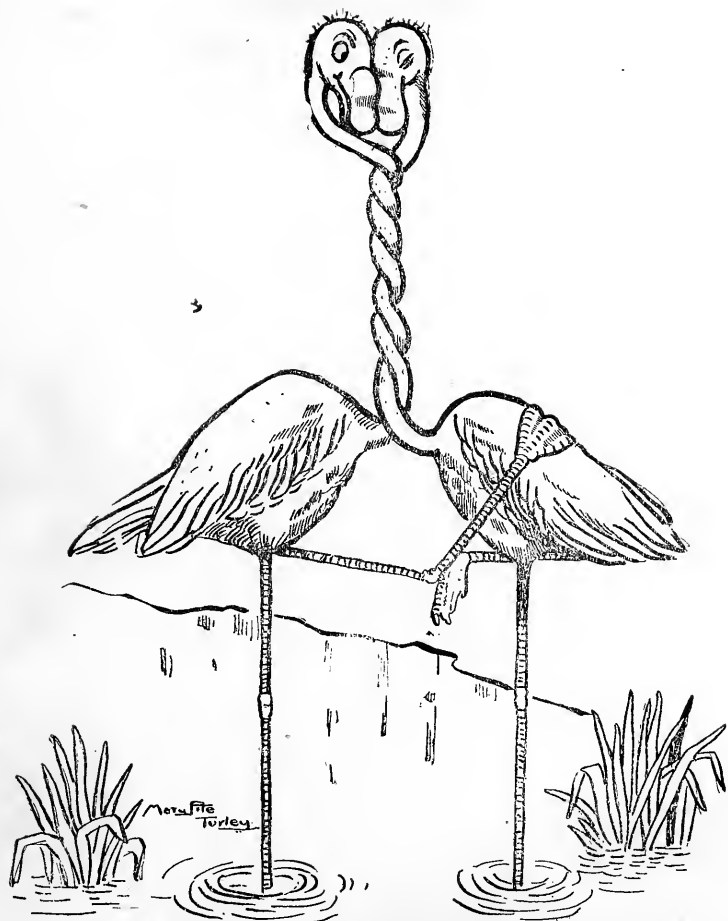
Ah, could it be that this resplendent one,
This one, before whose feet all Europe lay,
Was once called Sadie Warner by us all?
And yet I knew that this one must be she,
That the Duchess and Sadie were the same.

CANTO V.

AND now I boldly asked that Brighteyed one
To lift that veil still higher from mine eyes,
And show what fate the future held for me.
"Not that, not that!" the goddess warning cried,
But I still my request undaunted made.
And now, methought, the lights did fade away,
A frightful darkness covered all the land,
The air was filled with ominous murmurings,
The thunder spoke with angry threatening voice,
The moon did hide herself behind a cloud,
With trembling haste the stars put out their lights,
A nameless horror, born of the wild night,
Did seize my very being, freeze my blood.
I waited, as the wind in fitful gusts
A requiem wailed for souls that went astray.
And now the air was filled with darting gleams
And now with shadows and great shapeless things.
And then a voice, from whence I did not know:
"From immemorial time it is decreed,
That in the present only shall ye live.
Not once, but twice, you rootless set aside
The primal laws that bind the universe,
And tore away that dark and sacred veil.
Behold the fate the future holds for thee!"
The thunder louder grew, a deafening peal,
The lived lightening thrice did cross the sky.
And then I saw a chasm opening wide,
That deeper, wider and yet wider grew.
Within I saw a river, sluggish, dark,
Winding between barren and dismal shores,
A boat did slowly ply its weary way,
Guided between the banks by one most old.
For Charon could not drink the magic draught
That gave perpetual youth to all the gods.
And in the boat a gray clad figure sat,
Holding the rudder with a witchlike hand.
She turns, she lifts her head. Oh woe is me!
Oh, shade of Socrates! it is myself.

Martha Stokes Buford.





The Flamingo's Courting.
 He— Ah! Darling, how I have longed
 to be entwined in thy fond embrace

Highest Ambitions

21

LILLIAN DEARING: "My highest ambition is to be an actress."

LAURA MALONE: "My highest ambition is to tie a pretty little beau."

NANNIE CRAIG: "My highest ambition is to capture 'cute' men."

MARY SUMMEY: "My highest ambition is to be like Miss Chapman."

LEONORA BAILEY: "My highest ambition is to see the point in a joke."

FERMINE PRIDE: "My highest ambition is to answer the calls of a belle."

MARTHA CAMPBELL: "My highest ambition is to know 'German' history."

JOHN MALONE: "My highest ambition is to ring the gong at Ward Seminary."

MABEL POTTER: "My highest ambition is to increase in knowledge, not in size."

SALLIE MCLEAN: "The height of my ambition is to show my mother my diploma."

FLORENCE GOODE: "My highest ambition is to be as popular as Mrs. Toney."

CHRISTINE CARUTHERS: "My highest ambition is to finish 'Faust' before March."

VALERY TRUDEAU: "My highest ambition is to get that note from Miss Chapman."

GERTRUDE SOKOLOSKI: "My greatest ambition in life is to overcome my timidity."

LOUISE CHESNUTT: "My highest ambition is to be a nice, sweet-tempered old maid."

ROWENA CARTER: "My highest ambition is to be a good old maid and a literary genius."

MARY O'DIL: "My highest ambition is to get married, should a good chance present itself."

CLARA PARK: "My highest ambition is to occupy Miss Chapman's chair in Literature at Ward."

BERTHA RAUSCHER: "My highest ambition is to escape the trials and tribulations of an old maid."

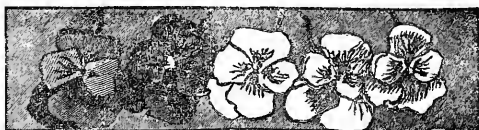
SADIE WARNER AND MARTHA BUFORD: "Our highest ambition at present is to get 'The Iris' to press."

LAURA ELLIOTT: "My highest ambition is to discover a screwing machine for the reduction of noses."

MARY SANDERS; "My greatest ambition is to be able to carry on conversation without personal talk."

BESSIE WHITEMAN: "My highest ambition is to write a book entitled: 'The Disasters of School Days.'"

LILLIAN SIMPSON: "My highest ambition is to be good, noble, and intelligent, and to do unto others as I would that they should do unto me."



Senior Schedule



8:30

THE gong sounds twice. With undignified haste the Senior rushes into the chapel. Alas! It is to find that she has committed the awful crime of being tardy. Already have the "Christian soldiers" begun their onward march. Conscious that she is the cynosure of disapproving eyes, she reaches her seat, and in a few minutes the service is ended.

8:45-9:15

Our tongues, after an unusual pause of fifteen minutes, are relaxed, when suddenly, above the clatter, Miss McClintock is heard saying: "Let us have quiet; the classes have not been dismissed." Slowly the time passes, and, with a sigh of relief, we hear the bells ring.



9:15-9:45

Nothing important. The Seniors "gyrate" hopelessly between "The Ode on Immortality" and the psychological psychologist's conception of dualistic realism. At no other time can the bells toll such a dismal knell.

9:45-10:45—Psychology

Although we know that the mind is the subject to be discussed, we have great doubts as to its existence; yet when we enter the class room, to all appearances we have the wisdom of Socrates.

N.B.—There is one other point besides the question whether "'Universal' exists in, before, or after the thing" that we are ready to argue, and that is whether "time has wings or not."

10:45-11:45—Literature

Scarcely are we seated when Miss Chapman informs us that we will have a few lines. The unfortunate one launches bravely forth. Two lines safely over, she falters on the third and forgets the word that be-

gins the fourth. "O, the rarity of Christian charity!" Her neighbor sits unresponsive to her mute signals of distress, and the next girl begins.

11:45-12

Recess!

12-12:30

À present la Classe Français récite.

12:30-1

Woe to the girl who talks this period!

N.B.—Seniors found in the majority on the front seat.

1-1:30—History

TEST QUESTIONS

1. When did Rome fall?
2. Give the divisions of history, with the dates.



1:30-2

'There's an end to all things.'

FINIS





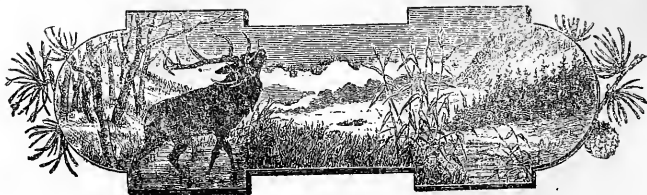
WARD




VANDERBILT




RAH! RAH!
HOO-RAH! WARD'S





JUNIOR CLASS



Colors
Black and Gold

Flower
Marechal Niel Rose

Motto
"Onward"



OFFICERS

MARGARET McDONALD	President
NELLIE MALONE FALL	Vice President
SHIRLEY CUMMINS	Secretary
ELIZABETH MURRAY	Treasurer

ELIZABETH BUFORD

"Before you proceed any further, hear me speak."



MABEL SCALES

"Shake off slumber and beware."

ADA QUARLES

"Brevity is the soul of wit."



ANNIE KEITH

FRAZIER

"Away with him; he speaks Latin!"

NORA ARNOLD

"O, sovereign mistress of true melancholy!"



BETTIE ARCHER
"True industry doth kin-
dle honor's fire."

ELISE MOORE
"Words, mere words, no
matter from the heart."

MABEL BRYAN
"I bear a charmed life."

NELLIE FALL
"A light heart lives long."

LUCIE CLARK
"Before her she carries
noise."



MARGARET

McDONALD

"She'll not be hit by
Cupid's arrow."



LUCILE WILSON

"By heaven! I do love;
and it hath taught me to
rhyme and to be melan-
choly."

VIVA HARRISON

"Nothing but death shall
e'er divorce my dignity."

MARY TUCKER

"Many a cheek looks
passing fair because a mer-
ry heart shines through."

MARY HERBERT

"Thy eternal summer
shall not fade, nor lose pos-
session of the youth thou
ownest."

SUSIE SHELTON

"As prone to mischief, as
able to perform it."

CLARA HARGRAVE

"Her voice was ever soft,
gentle, and low—an excel-
lent thing in woman."



CAROLINE MCRAE

"Sweet flowers are slow,
but weeds ever make haste."

BELLE DAVIDSON

"By Jupiter, an angel!
or, if not, an earthly para-
gon."

LOU ELLEN MILLARD

"Her looks do argue her
replete with modesty."

EULAH JONES

"Chaste and immaculate
in every thought."



MARY DAVENPORT

"A rarer spirit never did
steer humanity."

KATE PITTS

"What her heart thinks
her tongue speaks."



MARY HICKS

"Did I not tell you she
was innocent?"

ESTHER CARTER

"She looks as clear as
morning roses newly
washed with dew."



MARGARETTE WADE

"There's meaning in thy
snores."

PHILA DONELSON

"Masters, I am to dis-
course wonders."

ELISHA HARRISON

"Some that smile have
in their hearts, I fear, mil-
lions of mischief."



ELIZABETH MURRAY

"She has all the royal
makings of a queen."

WILLIE B. JARRATT

"She uttereth piercing
eloquence."

MATTIE MAI DAVIS

"She's a most exquisite lady."

DARDIS McDANIEL

"She will sing the savageness out of a bear."

MARY ZENOR

"Lo, lo, lo, lo! What modicums of wit she utters!"



MARIE COTTER

"Give me proofs of what you have alleged."

MARY LILLY PRICE

"I shall despair! There is no creature loves me."

NANNIE LEE TRIGG

"What I think I utter."

Junior Class History



PAUSE but a moment and listen, O youth, so full of life! The way you have chosen you know not, for it is long and rough. Behold my gray hairs! Do they not tell of years of toil? And yet I have not finished the journey.

Once I, too, was young and entered the Primary Department. At first the way was pleasant; there were green meadows and flowers; but after six years I reached a wicket gate and entered. There—alas!—I renounced all, *matinées* and parties. On my shoulders was placed a burden that each day grew heavier and heavier. Algebra, Mathematics, History, and Latin were added, one by one, until at last Cæsar had been placed on my burden. That day was dark and cloudy, and I lost my way. My footing was uncertain, and before long I found myself in the Slough of Despond. How long I stayed there I cannot tell; but there it was that I met a most fickle friend, Vain Confidence, who led me out of the slough only to desert me at the pass that led to the Valley of Humiliation. There each milestone was marked “U” and “P.” When I reached the end of this valley, I could see far off the Delectable Mountain, where my burden would roll away and my labors would be rewarded with a diploma. So, with renewed hope, I entered my Junior year. At the foot of the Hill of Difficulty, Chaucer and Spenser were added to my burden; and when I was weak and faint from my struggles with the Painim Knight, the Giant Despair seized me and hurried me on to the City of Destruction. The Delectable Mountain was fast fading from my sight. At the gate of the city I met a Red Cross Knight, clad in mighty armor, with silver shield, and bearing on his snow-white banner the word “Determination.” He slew the Giant Despair and led me safely past the Quicksands of Tests. There I met Hope, and together we journeyed across the Plain of Ease. All seemed bright now, and in the distance I could see once more the Delectable Mountain; but this was not to last, for I was soon misled by April Fool. With him I went into the Castle of Disobedience, and there I fell into the Dungeon of Punishment. I remained there a long time, but at last found the key called “Promise,” and with it unlocked the doors and gates which led to the Meadow of Privileges. Once more I regained the road to the Delectable Mountain; and, guided by Diligence and Experience, I reached the House Vacation, where I shall rest till that day when I shall begin the ascent of the Delectable Mountain, at the summit of which my burden will roll away.

ELIZABETH STOKES BUFORD.

The Wreck of the Test Us

(With apologies to Longfellow.)



It was the schooner Test Us	Pale were their eyes, as the palest shade
That sailed the wintry sea ;	That ever by painter was made ;
And Miss Chapman had taken the Juniors	With pencils and pads they went to their doom.
To bear her company.	O, brave were those Junior maids !

Miss Chapman—she stood and numbered us,
With talc and the book in her hand ;
And each girl got the questions
That she did not understand.

Then up and spake an old girl,	Each girl grew monstrous excited ;
Who had stood those tests before :	For she knew not where she would land,
" Please, shall we write on both sides ? "	And she wrote at those terrible questions
For she remembered not of yore.	With a cold and shaking hand.

Great drops of perspiration
Stood out on our brows like dew,
As faster and faster the questions came
And harder and harder they grew,



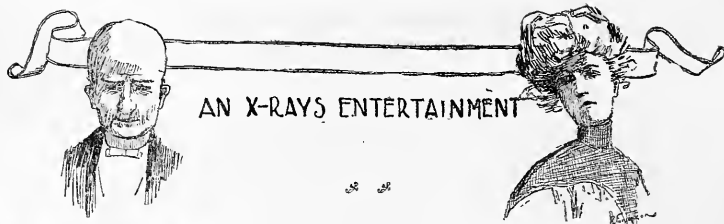
Till, pleading for help from her neighbor	" O, neighbor, I see a question !
And lost in the depth of despair,	O, what may the answer be ? "
A new girl tied her long, brown braid	But the neighbor—she quoth: " I do not know;
Tight to the back of her chair.	It's a mystery to me. "

" O, neighbor, when was Chaucer born ?
Tell me !—O !—tell me the date ! "
The neighbor told her in 1066.
Ah, Fate ! Ah, treacherous Fate !

" O, neighbor, I hear a scribbling sound !	And when at last the bells did ring—
I think I must be faint. "	We tremble to tell you the sight—
But the neighbor, bent on making E,	That girl was a raving maniac,
Unheeded the complaint.	And her hair was snowy white.

And now, dear reader, we pause
For you to imagine the rest ;
But we, like that girl, are all mental wrecks.
Beware of a Junior test !

NELLIE FALL.



NE morning, along in the middle of January, we Ward girls were thrown into wild excitement by hearing five bells rung in a quick, decisive manner. We all rushed pellmell into the chapel, for five bells generally meant that something very important was in progress there.

We were not at all surprised, therefore, when our President announced that Professor Roentgen, the discoverer of the X rays, would address us. He arose and made us a very interesting talk about his latest invention—the art of seeing the contents of people's brain—at the close of which he invited any one in the audience to come up and let him illustrate.

Dr. Blanton, desirous of learning what was in the Juniors' heads, asked that only members of that class come up. Of course we were all loath to have our weak points shown to the public; but, after much giggling, we at last persuaded Viva to go forward. So, putting on a very daring look, she walked up to Professor Roentgen, and he turned the light on her brain. A few moments of breathless suspense; then he looked up with a puzzled expression. He said: "I seem to see a succession of small, round objects. Ah, now they are tumbling into a red-and-green-striped bag. Why, I do believe they are salted peanuts!"

Amid the laughter that followed, Mary Lilly Price, that dignified Junior, walked slowly up to have her brain analyzed. Of course, here we expected to find all kinds of learned discourses on all subjects, from Latin to Literature; and great was our surprise when we saw only a big sign bearing the inscription: "Miss Chapman's Wishes."

The next to come on the scene was Irene Morgan, and all over her brain we saw boys—boys of all ages, from seventeen years to seventy years.

After her came Phila Donelson, and in her brain we saw a brilliantly-lighted room, across one end of which were the words, "Southern Cotillon Club," formed of red carnations.

In Susie Shelton's head we found a D. H. D. pin,¹ and in Louise Stacey's head we found a large interrogation point.

The walls of Mabel Scales' brain were papered with pictures of "Chic," taken in all positions; and in Mabel Bryan's brain rested a music box, which played "Home, Sweet Home" every night just after light bell.

A large, red book, entitled "The Only Really Correct Way to Translate Cicero," occupied the most important place in Lucile Wilson's brain; in Mary Davenport's brain was a far more interesting book, called "Monday: Its Trials and Its Tribulations."

In Margaret McDonald's brain cells we saw an "Iris," the Junior Class, and some dumb-bells and clubs, with the inscription, "A Fine Way to Escape Taking Gym.;" in Caroline McRae's brain cells were a folding bed and a green screen.

Unlike her sister, Viva, Elisha Harrison, it seems, thinks nothing at all of eating, her thoughts all centering on the important problem, "How to be useful as well as ornamental."

Mattie Mai Davis' seat of learning was occupied by a set of stereopticon views, called "Europe, Asia, and Africa, as Seen by My Dearly Beloved Sister."

When Professor Roentgen began to examine Elizabeth Murray's brain he found it decidedly "Haysie," and could not distinguish the characters in it.

Contrary to this, the figures on Dardis McDaniel's brain, two perfect old mountain women, stood out in bold relief against the background of dining-room tables.

In Elizabeth Buford's brain we found a boy with fiery locks, a blue-and-gray flag pin, and some chocolate creams; and in Alexine Peck's brain were a bridal party and a "Latin Prose Composition Book."

From what we saw in Shirley Cummins' head we judged her to be a trifler, for she actually had two "frat." pins there; and we were greatly distressed to come to the conclusion, after examining Esther Carter's head, that she must have softening of the brain, for we found only a great deal of water in hers.


Kate Pitts' weak points seemed to be the love of managing her meek little sister, Lilla Belle (and other people, too, when she has a chance), and eating beefsteak.

Next came that great chatterbox, Nellie Fall; and we, remembering the adage, "Look wise and keep silent," did not expect to find much here; but the Professor was so astonished when he found nothing at all in her brain that he dropped the bulb which he held in his hands to the floor with a crash, thus settling all the rest of our fortunes.

We gave him a round of applause as he came down from the platform, and went sorrowfully back to our lessons. Some were sorrowful because they had "seen themselves as ithers see them;" others because they had not.

ANNIE KEITH FRAZIER.





SOPHOMORE CLASS

Motto
"Excelsior"

Colors
Pink and Green

Flower
Pink Carnation

OFFICERS

MARY W. FRAZER . . . President

ANNA COOPER . . . Vice President

ANNE RICHARDSON, Secretary

ANNA BLANTON, Treasurer



Late Margaret Blanton

Great Fifteen Minutes Sale. Wonderful Bargains.

This Counter.
49¢

19. Try Jessie C. Smith's Face Powder. Best quality known.
20. Mary Frazer's Hair Ribbon. Black a specialty.
21. Curling Tongs. Latest patent by Bertha Conditt.
22. Jessie McPhail's Tablets for Insomnia.
23. Try Elizabeth Rogers' Switches, "Rats," and Wigs.

Music Counter.
22½¢

24. "Has Anybody Seen My Cliff?" By Sarah Morgan.
25. "Home, Sweet Home." One of the latest things. By Fannie Ezell.
26. "'Way Down in Georgia." By Mary Ellen Selman.
27. "I've a Longing in My Heart for You, Sammie, Dear." By Nannie Mai Cox.

Hotel

Ancha McEwen Savie

Farmel Zell

Ellen Lehman

Anna Agui Moor

Nanna Mae Cox

Bertha Condit

Martha Lepewest

Mary Boyd Bradford

Wagon Lee Cummins

Elizabeth McClurg

Lucy Shupbach

Mary Mitchell

Sarah Morgan

Kate Brungle

Ward's

Lma T. Barthman

Jessie M. & Phoebe

Anna Cooper

Lucy Smith

Henry W. Kroger

Caroline Townsend

Anna Richardson

Lucy Bachman

Katharine Tibbels

Harriet Hoffman

Emmie Campbell

Margaret Yarbrough

Anna Blanton

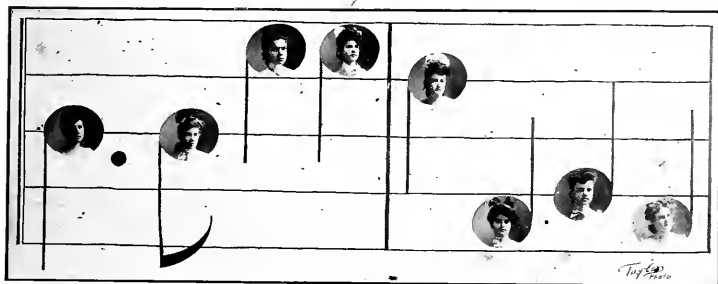
Ellie Drake



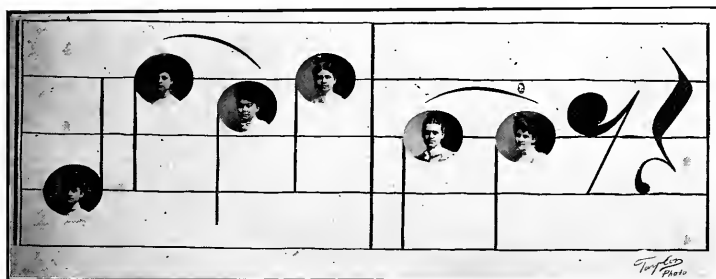
Please go 'way and let me think.



Don't disturb my thoughts so deep.



I had rather think than eat.

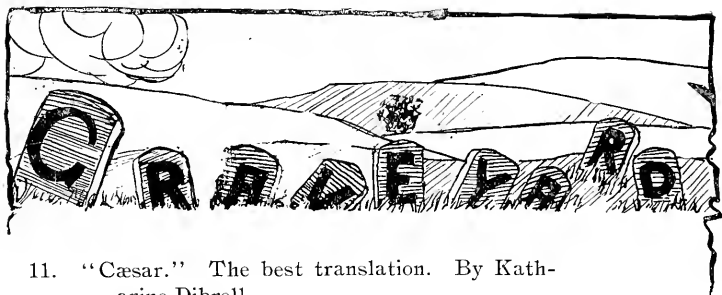


So please let me think.

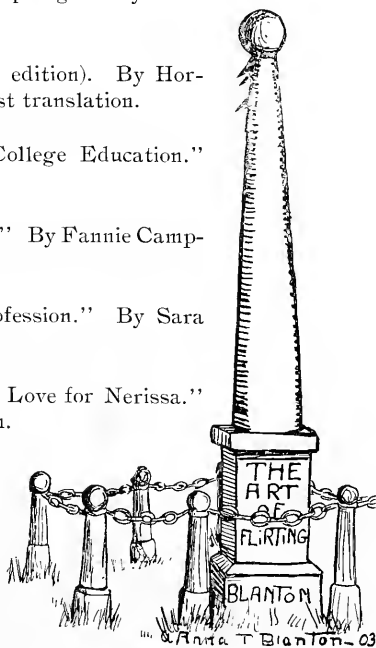


1. "How to Study Systematically." One of the latest books. By Mary Sue Cummins.
2. "The Art of Flirting." By Anna Blanton.
3. "Lessons in Rhetoric." Special chapters on Concordances and Theme Writing. By Anne Richardson.
4. M. B. Bransford's diary on her travels in "Bacteria."
5. "How to Work Algebra Without Difficulty." By Amelia Sawrie.
6. "Dieting and Its Results." By Martha Lipscomb.
7. "Conversation as an Art." By Anne Logan Muir.
8. "Memoirs of Clara." Mary Mitchell's best book.
9. "Lessons in Decorum." In pamphlet form. By Lucy Bachman and Lillie Drake.
10. "Poisonous Wasps." Rose Pringle's latest book on insects.





11. "Cæsar." The best translation. By Katharine Dibrell.
12. "Hair Dressing; or, The Art of Making Pompadours." By Anna Cooper.
13. "Punctuation and Paragraphing." By Margaret Yarbrough.
14. "First Violin" (Vendome edition). By Hortense Lebeck. Her best translation.
15. "The Advantages of a College Education." By Irene Kirkpatrick.
16. "Lassoing Texas Broncos." By Fannie Campbell.
17. "Story Writing as a Profession." By Sara Badham.
18. "The Story of Bassanio's Love for Nerissa." By Carolyn Rosenbaum.





ramatis *Personae*

Officers

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ANNA COOPER	Vice President
ANNE RICHARDSON	Secretary
ANNA BLANTON	Treasurer



Members

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FANNIE EZELL	IRENE KIRKPATRICK
ROSE PRINGLE	SARAH MORGAN
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AMELIA SAWRIE	JESSIE SMITH
FANNIE CAMPBELL	MAY WILLIAMS
MARY SUE CUMMINS	HORTENSE LEBECK
ANNE LOGAN MUIR	HETTIE DUNCAN
MARY BOYD BRANSFORD	MARGARET YARBROUGH
NANNIE MAI COX	ELIZABETH ROGERS
KATHARINE DIBRELL	BERTHA CONDITT
LUCY BACHMAN	SARA BADHAM

FRESHMAN



Colors
Green and Gold

Motto
"Noblesse oblige"

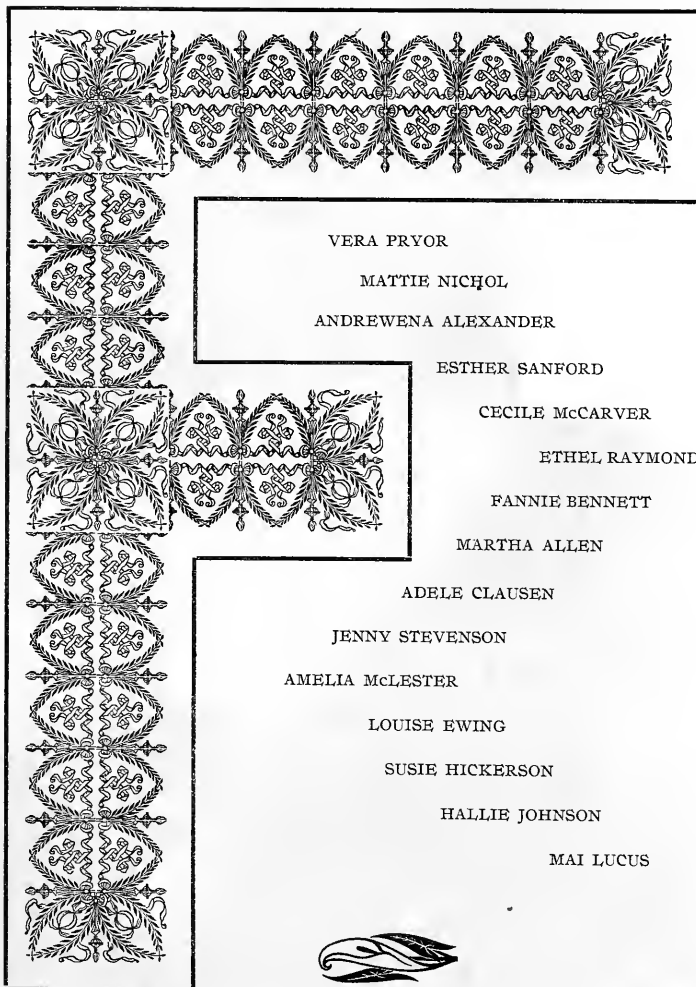
Flower
Golden-rod

OFFICERS

AMELIA MCLESTER	President
VERA PRYOR	Vice President
ANDREWENA ALEXANDER	Secretary
ETHEL RAYMOND	Treasurer



Freshman Class





Rest

(With apologies to Scott)



SCHOOLGIRLS, rest, thy warfare o'er;

Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking;

Dream of dreaded tests no more,

Days of danger, nights of waking.

Under our school's long study hall

Hands unseen are ever banging,

Awful strains of music fall,

Ev'ry heart with anguish panging.

Schoolgirls, rest, thy warfare o'er;

Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking;

Dream of U's and P's no more,

Morn of toil and night of waking.



CLASS MEETING



ACT I.

Recitation Room of Ward Seminary

PRESIDENT :

Friends, schoolmates, countrymen, lend me your ears !
I have to-day this meeting called
A momentous question to decide,
If we our learned instructors should follow
And from our hair and pompadour
Our bows cast aside.

CHORUS :

What ! Do we hear aright?
Dost thou dare to demand such a sacrifice of us?

PRESIDENT :

Peace, peace, my children !
Not without reasoning shall we a conclusion reach;
Therefore, calm yourselves, and
Let us hear from different members of the class.

MARY BOYD B.:

Well, then, Miss President,
Take you the lead, and we will follow.

PRESIDENT :

For my part alone,
And as my individual opinion,
I much prefer the use of such an adornment;
Still, if the class should decide,
After gravely debating the matter,
That it was best to cast our sails away,
I, with the others, will make the sacrifice.

CHORUS :

Ah, how noble of you !
Hurrah for our President !

PRESIDENT :

Hush, hush, my dears !
You quite embarrass me.
Let us now hear from our noble Anna C.

MARGARET :

Pardon me, my President,
But Anna has gone home ;
For, on receiving E in literature,
She was greatly overcome.

PRESIDENT :

Then let us hear from our other Anna;
She is wise and good.
What ! Is she absent also ?
Both our Annas gone !

AMELIA S.:

Yes, she is absent;
For on yesterday last
She her equilibrium did lose
As from the rostrum she did pass.

PRESIDENT :

This is, indeed, a pity.
But from our dear Jessie S. we will now hear.

CHORUS :

Yes, yes ! Speech, speech, Jessie !

SECRETARY :

I am sorry to disappoint you,
But she is not here.
This morning I found her
Languishing on a bed of sickness,
Growing pale and wan over the loss of her puff box,
In which she was wont to carry the powder
With which her lovely features she adorned.

CHORUS :

We fear she cannot stand this bereavement.

PRESIDENT :

But we now call on one who is always ready,
So accommodating, too.
Brave and daring Hettie, let us now hear from you.

HETTIE :

I my response will sing—

PRESIDENT :

Ah, there is the bell!
This meeting I shall postpone;
But each of you think on this matter,
So that to-morrow we may decide,
For this suspense is killing me. (*Curtain.*)

MARTHA LIPSCOMB.

W. A. R. D. S.



FRESHMAN
CLASS

19 03

Tooled
Photo

When the Freshmen Have a Test



THE Freshmen are just returning from their Latin and Algebra Classes. They are consequently feeling rather gloomy, to begin with, when they are greeted with this announcement: "The Freshmen will take paper and pencil to Miss Chapman's room and leave their books at their seats." There is a dead silence in the chapel for about the space of a second; then an excited hum breaks out among the members of the doomed class, for every one knows that those words mean a test, and a test is no joke.

The Freshmen are never gay, so to speak, on their way to their Rhetoric Class; but to-day even a casual observer might notice the unusual air of depression as slowly, one by one, they file into their class room. At the desk sits the imposer of the test; and she eyes the reluctants grimly, yet under all her sternness it is just possible to detect an amused smile as a young lady on the back row shivers apprehensively. It is a comfort to think that some one is getting some pleasure out of the experience, even if it is the teacher. The members of the class seat themselves in silence and wait for the teacher to speak. But the teacher also waits—waits until one could hear a pin drop in any part of the room. The Freshmen are getting nervous.

At last the teacher rises slowly, turns, and begins to write the test on the blackboard behind her. When she has finished, she turns again to the class. "I have put two sets of questions on the board," she says, and proceeds to number the class. "The odd numbers are to take the questions on the left-hand side, and the even numbers are to take those on the right-hand side. Now go to work!"

For an hour the class scribbles away industriously—all, save a few, who seem strangely absorbed in their own thoughts and sit reflectively chewing their pencils. At last, to the great relief of both teacher and class, the time is up. The papers are all passed down to the end of the row, collected, taken up to the desk, and the class is dismissed. Slowly they make their way back to the chapel and put on an air of martyrdom whenever they catch any one looking at them.

But if they feel depressed now, what will they feel when the grades on that test are announced? More than depressed, I assure you; and I have reason to know.

KATHARINE HAMMOND.

COLLEGE PREPARATORY



Colors
Crimson and White

Flower
Carnation

Motto
"Get wisdom, get understanding"

THE
IRIS
67



OFFICERS

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BESSIE LYON	Vice President
ANNA BLANTON	Secretary
AGNES AMIS	Treasurer



Corrected Proverbs



A long tongue is a sign of a short hand [great bluffer].

Do as the friar [teacher] saith, not as he doeth.

Better ask twice than lose your way [question] once.

Forgive every [no] man's fault except your own.

Do unto others as you would have them do unto you [but do it first].

Judge not a book [girl] by its cover [her lessons].

The absent are always in fault [save when you know they are listening].

Judge not men [lessons] or things [tests] at first sight.

She who knows not and knows that she knows not is a Freshman.
Pity her.

She who knows not and knows not that she knows not is a Sophomore. Beware of her.

She who knows and knows not that she knows is a Junior. Admire her.

She who knows and knows that she knows is a Senior. Reverence her.

But she who possesseth all knowledge is a College Preparatory.
Walk not in her path nor let thy footsteps turn toward her dwelling place.



TWO COLLEGE PREPARATORY GIRLS

The Ideal and The Other



70

MY ideal is, like the other, preparing for college; but—O, the difference between them!

“Miss Ideal” is quite a studious girl, who is very fond of her books; stands high in her classes; and scorns with a “pooh!” any mention of or allusion to a boy as a beau. She “wouldn’t have” a beau, and “cares for boys only as friends.” She takes any caller she happens to have out and plays tennis or ball or runs races with him. She is very proud of her prowess in athletic sports; and, in fact, is fond of telling how she distanced one of her “beaux” in a foot race. She spends much time on her books, and likes nothing better than to dream of Wellesley, with its towers and terraces—herself, in cap and gown, a part of the landscape. In personal appearance, she almost approaches the masculine; she wears her hair parted and pulled (or slicked) back; she has an entire disregard for “style,” so far as it goes, yet she has a distinct style of her own. In school, her manner is entirely polite, though cold and forbidding; while out of school, she is a jolly, good fellow all around.

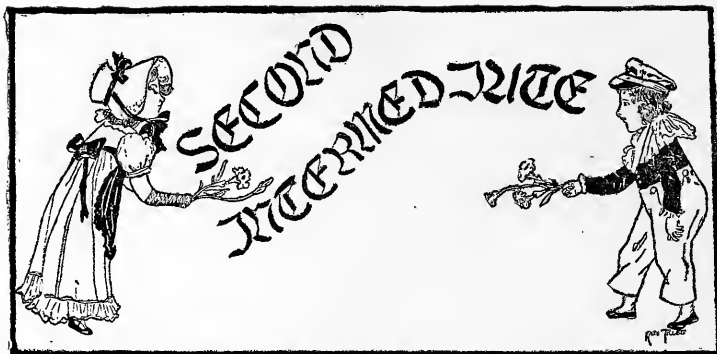
My “Lady Other” is entirely different, for she is a graceful feminine creature; cares much for style—not “Miss Ideal’s” sort, however; she wears an extreme pompadour and huge black bows on top of it; you can also occasionally find a “frat.” pin on her waist. Her desires and also herself are entirely opposite from “Miss Ideal’s.” The delights of her heart are balls, beaux (really truly ones), and to be a

real young lady. Again different from "Miss Ideal," she is the same in school as she is out; and, if she is polite to you at all, she is just as much so in school as elsewhere. She is seemingly very frivolous and light, but beneath that runs a strong current of the good and noble, though to the casual acquaintance she shows no good quality whatever.

Taken all in all, they are very different, yet each quite attractive in her way; still, they form a striking contrast.

AGNES AMIS.





Colors
Red and White

Flower
American Beauty

Motto
"Know thyself"

OFFICERS

HENRIETTA RICHARDSON	President
LOUISE RHEA	Vice President
FRANCES MCLESTER	Secretary
MARGARET WARNER, Treasurer	

MEMBERS

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CELIA BAIRD	ELIZABETH CREIGHTON
MAUDE MCALISTER	SUNSHINE GREDITZER
REBECCA LUCAS	HELEN CHAPPELL
FANNIE BURTON	HENRIETTA RICHARDSON



SECOND INTERMEDIATES are feeling mighty big ;
EACH of us next year will don a Freshman's rig.
CAN we patiently wait till the four years have passed ?
O, then we'll be Seniors, excelling the last.
NO matter, we'll write to old Father Time :
"NO hurry, old man, and we'll give you a dime."

I know Freshman days are hardest of days;
NOW, this can be known by their customs and ways.
"TO live and to learn" we will strive to the end,
EACH girl to her study each day to attend.
REALLY, we hate to go out of this class ;
MANY are the tests that we'll have to pass.
"EXCELLENT" is the word, that open sesame ;
DEFEND us from having a U by our name !
I think of the terrors of following years,
AND, while thinking of them, my eyes fill with tears.
THEN I bid you farewell, with thanks for your time,
EVER wishing you may not grow weary of rhyme.
"SECOND INTERMEDIATES" you can call us no more.



Motto

"Speak fitly or be silent wisely"

Colors

Red and Green

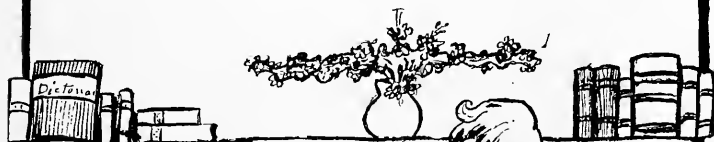
Flower

Peony

OFFICERS

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LOUISE PRICHITT	Secretary





PRIMARY



MUSA McDONALD	Principal
CAROLINE McDONALD	Assistant
MARGARET M. CALDWELL	Assistant



CLASS PRESIDENTS

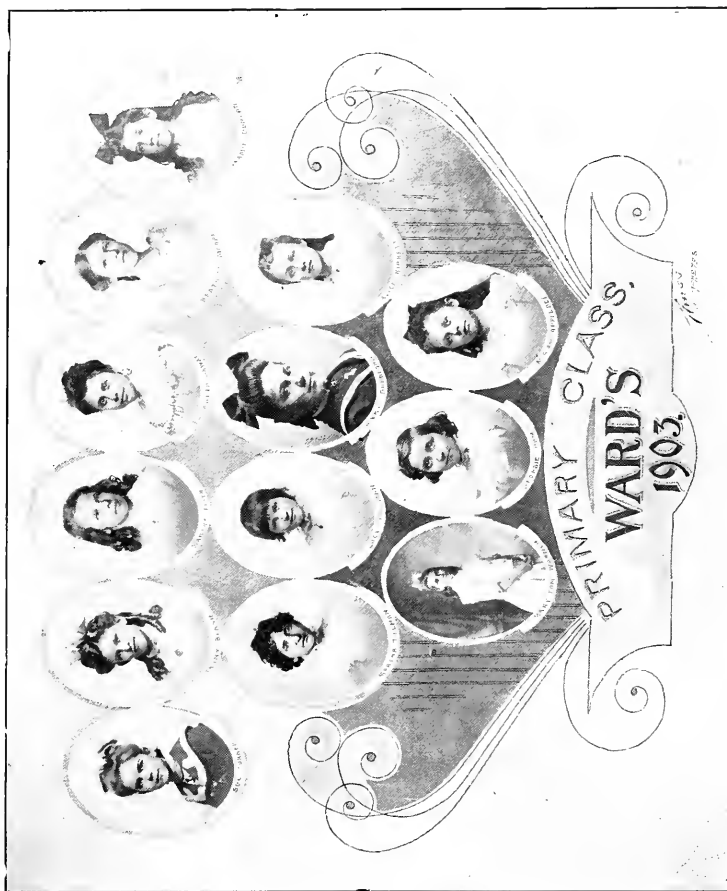
Senior	GEORGIA HUME
Junior	MAMIE DUNCAN
Sophomore	MARTHA FRITH
Freshman	ROBERTA DILLON

Rebecca Baird.

PRIMARY ROLL



MIRIAM APPLEBEE
 SARAH BRADFORD
 FANNIE BENNIE
 LORNA CARR
 CHARLES CARR
 RUTH CRUTCHFIELD
 MARY CRUTCHFIELD
 ROBERTA DILLON
 MAMIE DUNCAN
 THEO. FOWLKES
 MARTHA FRITH
 GEORGIA HUME MARIE HARWELL
 GEORGIA LINGNER MARY HOLLINS
 BEATRICE MOORE ALICE HIBBETT
 JEAN MORGAN
 GLADYS NEAL
 MARY, ELIZABETH SAND
 SALLIE MADDEN HOPKINS
 PORTIA SAVAGE
 KATE SAVAGE
 ELIZABETH SHWAB
 ELIZABETH THOMPSON
 SUSIE TURNER
 MARTHA TILLMAN
 LUCY TILLMAN
 EMMA BAXTER VAUGHN
 ELLEN WALLACE
 MARY TOM WARNER
 ROBERTA WEATHERFORD
 MARTHA WEATHERLY
 LOUISE WITHERSPOON
 MARY WITHERSPOON





Colors

Blue and White

Flower

Narcissus



Motto

"Jack of all trades and good at nothing"



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AGNES M. TAYLOR Vice President

HATTIE YOUNG McGAVOCK Secretary

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ANNIE SCHIFFMAN



LILLA BELLE PITTS



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LILLIAN HOYT EWING

MAMIE COWEN





LOUISE FRITH

MARIE COCKE

BESSIE MAI FORD

MARY D. TATE

ANNIE McKAMY

LILLIAN DEARING

ENID WARD

MARY McDONALD





ANNE FULKERSON



CHRISTINE CARUTHERS



ELOISE EWING



MARY BARBOUR RIXEY



SARAH CORBETT



BESSIE LUCAS



GERTRUDE RICE



LUTIE SCOTT



PEARL LONG

NONA HENDERSON

JULIA MAI RANSOM

MARY ELLEN GRAHAM

ELISE McMILLAN

JOE CHEAIRS

BYRD HENDERSON

BESSIE CRAIGE





MABEL POTTER

RE SUTHERLAND

MARY L. DIBRELL

ETHEL BROWN

MARY MCRAE

MARY BELLE JONES

KATE ALLEN

GARLAND SMITH





EDNA RICHARDSON

MARY LOUISE WARNER

SUSIE WILKES

AGNES M. TAYLOR

LOUISE BRIGHAM

HARRIETT MCGAVOCK

LAURA ELLIOTT

PATSY FULKERSON





ELIZABETH LAMB

JEAN BRADFORD

HENRIETTA CASTNER

TOMMIE LAUDERDALE

LENA COLE

FLOY WOOTEN

MAY WILLIAMS

ELIZABETH TAPPAN





CLARA MOORE



LOUISE HOYT EWING



MINNIE NEELY TAYLOR



THERESA HENDERSON

ALICE GIBSON



EDNA WEIR



MARY HENDERSON



HELEN MORRISON



MARGARET FALL



MILDRED ERWIN



MARY BRINGHAM



ANNA LEE FOREMAN



BESSIE WADDEY



MARTHA WILSON



MARY T. COOLIDGE



Q. T. BROWN



NINA SHOFFNER



LYDA JACKSON



JENNIE LYTTON TAYLOR



LUCILE SATTERWHITE



NELLE CROTHERS

ANNIE STINSON

RUTH ALDRIDGE

DAISY D. SMITH

FLOV RATHER

PEARL ROBERTSON



The Irregulars



THE Irregulars of Ward are the salt of the earth.

Their irregularities add spice to the pursuit of education, confusion to the curriculum, and the panic of hopeless consternation to the sedate and solemn Faculty.

Were I to attempt to picture, in words, their manifold virtues, I would stumble and fall down over the boulder of utter failure in the first effort.

Were I visited by breezes from Parnassus, and thus led to drop into poetry, in which to express their infinite variety and uncertainty, methinks my inspired muse would sing:

Irregulars, sweet irregulars, to thee I kotow.

You come with glint of sunshine, depart with a caress,

Study as you please, learn as your head allows,

Flirt as chance presents, and, in general, get a dress.

But, dropping from the sublime of poetry to the prosaic of earth, what would Ward be without her Irregulars?

The question suggests thoughts too painful to contemplate.

Her halls in gloom, her stately corridors full of the silent presence of desolation, give but a faint glimmering as to where we "would be at" were our unique, irrepressible, and incorrigible Irregulars to part from us for evermore.

The subject is exhaustless as well as exhaustive.

The Irregular is a bird of passage. Her plumage is invested with the variegated colors of the rainbow, and she is as uncatchable as the traditional bag of gold believed in innocent childhood to be found at the earth ends of that phenomenon of sunshine, rain, and clouds.

Ward ducks wouldn't be ducks at all without her.

With her said ducks are of a species not defined in natural history—indescribable, unsurpassable, and perplexingly captivating.

And woe be unto the plodding, serious Regular, who, stealthily munching Irregular candy, etc., dares insinuate that her fleeting sister is not the embodiment of grace, a dream of poetic loveliness, a joy forever, and a something which, once seen at Ward, can never be forgotten.

MARTHA WILSON.

The LAND O' BOOKS



Chaque Jour



INE-DINDAN!

La récréation est finie!

Quatre jeunes filles viennent courir de toutes les différents directions de l'édifice.

L'une vient de la salle-de-danse, édifinnte Mademoiselle par sa mine pleine de dignité et par son livre ouvert.

Une autre accourt de la bibliothèque, ou elle a été assise conjugant— à la renverseun verbe français, tout en regardant avec des yeux affamés le pain-brun, délicieux, des maitresus, lequel disparaît mystérieusement au moment où elles tournent le dos.

Mlle. Yeux Bruns arrive toujours à temps dequelqua region éloignée et inconnue. Encore une autre, unepen sionnaire, entre en retard, sangcant maintenant au regal illicite, qui a été interrompu. Enfin celle, qui nous fait toutes attendre, entre dans la salle de classe avec un air de loisir, indécise quelle leçon "entainer."

Mademioselle qui devient inquiète la prie de rester pour que nous corrigious au moins nos exercices, après les quels nous avons travaillé si assidûment (?).

Mais, hélas! C'est en vain!

Nos exercices sont destinés à l'oubli!

Cette élève vent savoir l'emploi exact du present du participe Après une discussion prolongée et chaleureuse, Mademoiselle et elle viennent à la conclusion que les participes français et anglais sont entièrement différents.

Dine-dindan!

Et on nous donne de nouveaux exercices.

Une élève.



A "Swift" Expedition

THAT last climb up Vine street hill was simply too much. Entirely forgetful of the fact that they were dignified Seniors at Ward, they fell upon the wet and muddy stone steps in most inelegant attitudes, too utterly weary to attempt the ascent. Not even the shocked amazement in the eyes of a stately matron passing by could bring a smile to their faces; and when a Ward girl cannot laugh, there is something seriously wrong.

Without doubt the Swift Packing Company understand their work most perfectly. Two hundred lively girls were packed—like that company's well-known sardines—in three small cars and conveyed to the newly-erected building by a smiling gentleman who seemed to enjoy the naive remarks of his charges immensely; nor was he lacking in wit himself, for as he distributed tiny celluloid hearts as souvenirs, he constantly insisted that though he had only one heart, he would be delighted to divide that among the young ladies.

When at last the cars set down their loads of crushed and breathless, but still cheerful, girls, they expected, of course, to march at once into the low, dark-red building fronting them; but for at least fifteen minutes they stood waiting in a wavering, pushing line, and at least five hundred questions as to the reasons for the delay were asked during that time. At last the magic word was spoken, and in a rather ragged line they tramped up a flight of stone steps past two white-coated figures, who presented them with dainty calendars and little silver stick-pins; then on by tables prettily decorated with fresh vines and loaded with skillfully-carved meats, down the long, narrow aisles of the cold-storage room between hanging sides of bacon and beef; next, by a winding stairway they descended to the curing and packing rooms, where, after a short tour of inspection by the advance guard, a slight crush occurred; for as the first hundred girls were vigorously trying to force their way to the upper air, the others were just as eagerly bent on descending, and for a few moments the pupils of Ward Seminary were more closely packed than the meat about them. Finally, however, all reached the floor above, and as they passed out were handed delicious little ham sandwiches—to them the crowning enjoyment of the day. Slowly and rather wearily the crowd moved up to the corner, where, after incurring the righteous anger of all pedestrians by blocking the way for fifteen minutes, they boarded their "specials" and at last reached Ward utterly worn out by their "Swift" journey.

"An Original Narrative"



Y, what a terror is that announcement to a girl as she stops in front of the bulletin board to read over the different papers pasted up there! She learns that she must write an original narrative.

Well, thinking and thinking has done no good at all, and she must begin writing it.

"Once upon a time"—no, that is the way all fairy tales begin. If some one would only suggest a subject, maybe she could think of something to say about it; but each one is busy thinking of her own narrative, and she is compelled to work out the problem for herself.

What shall it be about? An imaginary party? A picnic? No, they are so common; and, anyway, she wants something thoroughly original—not something she has ever heard of before.

O, she must hurry, for there is scarcely an hour before time to go to the class.

What if it should be unsatisfactory? Wouldn't it make mother feel bad to think that her daughter could not, or at least would not, use her mind enough to write a theme that would satisfy the teacher?

She sits down and writes off one; it does not suit; she tears it up and throws it into the wastebasket. Another one is started.

There, that will do. She has only to make another rough copy of it and then rewrite it on theme paper. If it doesn't cover two of those large pages! She must write very large and leave a wide margin.

At last it is copied, ready to hand in; and she goes into the class room—O!—with such a relieved feeling.

BELLE DAVIDSON.



At a Ward Recital



WE are going to suppose, kind reader, that it is the night of one of our recitals at Ward; and you, like the folk of the "Arabian Nights" entertainments, are to be whisked by the fancy of a Ward girl through some of the rooms of the Seminary and before the so-called "footlights," in order that you may see the interworkings of a Ward recital. You must promise, however, to be very quiet in your invisibleness and not startle those about you.

We will just drop down into the reading room, where the unfortunate beings are gathered. Since the room is in such confusion and all the available seats seem occupied by the performers, I think we had better perch ourselves upon the top of this bookcase—not irreverently, however, for the works of Chaucer, Milton, and Shakespeare lie below us. From our elevated position, too, we can see through the glass door on our right into the chapel. To see both the audience and "behind the scenes" at the same time is a great advantage.

Look how the girl just below us, whose treasured headgear is in such dangerous proximity to my foot, is trembling and fidgeting about—first on one foot and then on the other! You wonder why she is so nervous. Had you at any period of your existence taken part in a recital, you would not ask that question. She is frightened; everybody is frightened. Listen to the one never-ceasing question, "Are you much scared?" which is being voiced all around you, and which always receives the same answer: "Scared nearly to death!" You say that the young ladies look very happy to be so near death. Ah, well, you must not be too severe a critic of our expressions; for, remember, you have never been a Ward girl.

See! Our friend of the tall pompadour has another reason for fidgeting. She is the first to play on the programme, and the recital is now to begin. Riley and Dennis are pulling apart the curtains, and the rostrum, amid all the glory of flowers, lamps, and parlor chairs, is disclosed to the view of the audience. See how our young lady walks onto the platform! Listen to the applause! She must be a favorite of the Vanderbilt boys. I thought that eaglelike pompadour was not hoisted in vain. Look, though! She is no novice in the art of music; see how she turns around the piano stool and seats herself!

She is beginning 'way up the keyboard in fine little treble notes; then down, down, she comes into the bass; and gradually she goes into that even, quiet theme which, for lack of a better expression, we might call the "melody of the piece." She is getting into the spirit of the

thing now. Listen how she thumps the chords and softly plays the trills! Now she goes back again into the melody, much to the relief of my ears. A gigantic effort, a long run, a tremendous chord, and it is over. Applaud! Every one applauds.

See how the music teachers and pupils congratulate her as she comes down the steps loaded with roses and carnations! No time must be lost, however, as you see No. 2 is beginning her sonata. Listen how faintly and hesitatingly she plays! She stumbles; she tries to remember the chord, but forgets it altogether. You can hear a pin drop in the audience. Do you not pity the poor child? Listen, though! She has taken up the thread, and goes on beautifully. She ends with a triumphant flourish.

Has not the time slipped by quickly? We have arrived at the last number of the evening. A graduate in music is going to play the "Hungarian Rhapsody," which will make a brilliant "ending up."

The recital is over. The audience pours out of the chapel. Slip on your coat, for invisible beings as well as ordinary mortals need wraps. How cool and refreshing the night air is. But we must part here on the gallery. So, invisible friend, good night.

ANNA RUSSELL COLE.



A Song



H, chide me not, thou bonnie maid !
The shepherd i' the lea
Wad doubt his lassie if she smiled
A smile for 'ither 'ee !

Wad doubt his lassie if she gave
Her smiles for 'ither 'ee !

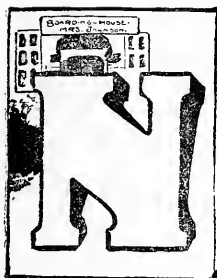
Ah, chide me not for doubting thee,
For doubt is but the measure
That brims the chalice o' the heart
Ere love pours in his treasure !

That brims the chalice o' the heart
Ere love pours in his treasure !

GARNET WILEY.

Mr. Dinkie's Revenge

(A story told by Mrs. Johnson, who takes boarders.)



NATURALLY, my dear, a body meets with many singular people while keeping boarders. I think the queerest folk the Lord ever chose to make have boarded with me since my husband died and left me to earn my living by the most trying task that was ever laid on woman's shoulders.

There are people who never think that you can do enough for them and that have no consideration for your feelings. If a turkey happens to be tough, they ask if it was ever known what became of the pair that went into Noah's

ark, and such things. There are people that dislike things that are fried, people that take airs and won't pay, and people who are so far from being what they pretend to be that it is necessary to mention the fact to them that rooms are wanted.

One of the queerest things I ever knew to be done by any boarder was done by Mr. Dinkie. He came to board with me about five years ago, just at Christmas time. He was an old bachelor—about fifty years of age, I should judge. He had just met with a disappointment—not in love, but in money. He had made himself a slave to a rich old uncle for twenty years, expecting to be his heir; had put up with all sorts of treatment; had been cuffed, scolded, and sneered at morning, noon, and night; but had never said a word; had just gone on grinning and rubbing his hands and speaking about his "dear uncle," until the old man died and left him \$500 a year for his life. After that he came to board with me.

There was with me at the same time a maiden lady, named "Swiffles." She was about as old as Mr. Dinkie and very rich. She wore diamonds in her ears so big and so shiny that I often wondered why the thieves let her come home alive. She had three pets—a dog, with curly wool; a kitten, all white, with the exception of a black nose; and a green-and-red parrot. In the day they stayed with her in her own apartment, but at night they slept in a room by themselves. It was truly comical to see them—Poll in her cage, the dog and kitten each in a sort of basket cradle, with refreshments set before them in case they should be hungry during the night.

Miss Swiffles was very curious in many things. I remember asking

her once why she had never married, and she said she always felt that the male sex was beneath her, and that she could not promise to obey any one of them. She had written a lecture on the subject and was going to deliver it in my parlor, but I said to her: "Miss Swiffles, I am a poor widow, depending on my boarders for a living. As the most of them are of the male sex, it might offend them to tell them of their defects." So she gave up the idea and I was thankful.

After Mr. Dinkie came, I noticed that Miss Swiffles and he used to argue together on the parlor sofa. Sometimes, too, he took her to lectures and to church; and no matter how she acted afterwards, I had my eyes about me and saw that she dressed very well in the evenings.

Mr. Dinkie asked me one day how much I supposed Miss Swiffles had a year, and I told him that she had about \$10,000 interest from her money. Afterwards Miss Swiffles asked me what I thought he had, and I told her what he had and how he got it.

One day while sitting on the porch stoning cherries I heard Miss Swiffles come into the parlor, and about three minutes after Mr. Dinkie came in. Far be it from me to listen; I am above it; but it was not necessary that I go away, so I could not help hearing their conversation.

"Miss Swiffles," said Mr. Dinkie, "I'm rejoiced to find you alone."

"Ah!" said Miss Swiffles.

"I have long waited for this opportunity," continued Mr. Dinkie.

"Indeed!" said Miss Swiffles.

"You can't guess why," said Mr. Dinkie.

"No, sir; I can't," answered Miss Swiffles.

"Is this the coquetry of your sex?" asked Mr.

Dinkie. "Have you not seen that I adore you?"

"No," said Miss Swiffles.

"I've hidden my emotions better than I supposed I could. My dear Miss Swiffles, here on my knees allow me to offer to you my hand and heart and beg you to accept them and the lifelong devotion of—"

"Get up, Mr. Dinkie," said Miss Swiffles. "Don't make a goose of yourself. I understand that you ask me to marry you?"

"Adorable creature," answered Mr. Dinkie, "you put the question I would have asked into the most concise form."

"I'll put the answer into the same form," said Miss Swiffles—"No."

"But why do you say, 'No?'" asked Mr. Dinkie.

"Well, if you want to know why," said Miss Swiffles, "I'll tell you.



You waited for a dead man's shoes twenty years, now probably you wish to wait for mine. So that's why I say, 'No.'"

A moment later the door slammed and Mr. Dinkie was gone. We saw very little of him for several days, and then I was surprised by getting a note from him, in which he stated that he was going to Europe, but before going would like Miss Swiffles and I to be present at a supper in his room.

We both agreed to this, and went to his apartment at the appointed hour. Here we ate heartily of a delicious supper, Miss Swiffles heartiest, though, of all.

At twelve o'clock Mr. Dinkie bade us goodbye, but before leaving he put in Miss Swiffles' hand a little note.

"Read this alone in your apartment, dear madam," he said; "it may make you alter your opinion of me."

"He is really nicer than I thought he was," I said after he was gone.

"Yes," said Miss Swiffles, wiping a tear from her eye.

I had bolted the front door, when I heard shrieks issuing from Miss Swiffles' room. I rushed upstairs and saw her standing in the middle of the floor, with the note in her hand. She was crying: "I am poisoned! Open the window! Read this!"

I took the note from her and read:

"You ridiculous old fury, I've had my revenge on you for refusing me. I am only sorry that I had to include that simple old soul, Mrs. Johnson. You enjoyed your supper, didn't you? I hope so; I enjoyed cooking it. Parrot pate, poodle pie, and kitten cutlets are good dishes. I wish you joy of the supper and a good night's rest. By by.

"BENJAMIN DINKIE."

Well, my dears, it was true. The pets were gone and we had had our fill, as Mr. Dinkie said of "parrot pate, poodle pie, and kitten cutlets." Miss Swiffles was so sick that night that I had to send for the doctor. It was in this way that Mr. Dinkie got his revenge.

SHIRLEY CUMMINS.

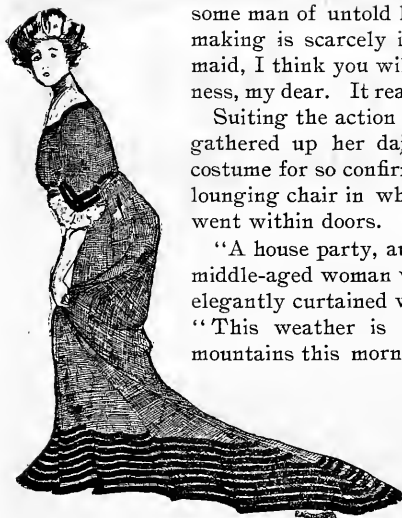




EDITH just must marry! I have quite decided on that; yes, I have finally settled that fact in my mind. She's pretty and bright and, above all things, lovable; 'lovable' is just the word with which to describe her—just the sort of woman who is cut out for home life, who would make a man worthy of her indescribably happy, the dearest sort of a wife for some man fortunate enough to win her. She is always attractive, and is quite popular with the men of her set; but, somehow, of late the poor, misguided child has taken it into her head that she will not marry."

"You are responsible for that foolish idea, my dear," said Frances Worthington to herself, as she sat upon the wide veranda of her beautiful summer home, "Clearview," idly enjoying the fine breeze from the Adirondacks that blew stray wisps of hair across her face, now prettily wrinkled by the gravity of her thoughts.

"The very idea of Edith Marshall, the dearest little bit of blonde femininity in the world, remaining in single blessedness all the days of her life! It's perfectly preposterous; there's no other word for it. Now, in my case the thing is altogether sane and reasonable. In the first place, I have a work to do. I may never have the world at my feet nor even accomplish anything that will be called 'great;' but I do believe that I can give it some thoughts not unworthy of its receiving, and that my pen can render it a service not altogether unacceptable. And if I work, I must work unhampered in the way home ties do hamper a woman. In the second place, I am not the kind of woman who can love a man. Some women admire, respect, and form lasting friendships for men, and of this sort I am one; but love—never! In a word, it is proper for Edith to marry, and marry she must! If left to her own misguided ideas, the foolish girl will spoil her life and deprive



some man of untold happiness; and though match-making is scarcely in the line of a would-be old maid, I think you will undertake a bit of the business, my dear. It really would be an act of charity."

Suiting the action to the word, Miss Worthington gathered up her dainty skirts (scarcely a fitting costume for so confirmed a spinster), arose from the lounging chair in which she had been sitting, and went within doors.

"A house party, aunt," she said to a handsome, middle-aged woman who sat reading at one of the elegantly curtained windows of the capacious hall. "This weather is ideal. The breeze from the mountains this morning is unusually fine. I shall invite about ten, most of them girls and men whom you know."

"As you like, my dear," said Mrs. Ridley, as she looked up from her book. "You know that I am always glad to see your friends."

Eight dainty notes impressed with the same cordiality, which was one of Frances' most attractive traits, were soon written. "Don't disappoint me; I must have you for a good three weeks," she wrote to Margaret Carlton, Mildred Bishop, Robert Christian, Harry Goodwin, and others. For the most part, the notes were alike, Edith's more affectionately pressing, of course. The last one finished bore the name, "Mr. George Marsham." Unconsciously, Frances had written this note with more than ordinary care. "A bright fellow! He is one of the most entertaining men I have met for months. By the way, Edith has never met him. I remember now that he was away when she visited me last winter."

A week later, the first of a lovely June, found assembled, in response to Miss Worthington's invitation, a bright and congenial crowd, and "Clearview" was soon pervaded with an atmosphere of thorough enjoyment. For three days there were horseback rides, trips to various points of interest about the mountains, innumerable games of golf; and then Frances, delighted with the crowd she had gathered together, decided upon more definite tactics.

"Mr. Marsham is really delightful," Edith had said to her as they were making their morning toilets. "He has such an attractive manner, and he is so versatile." Later she said: "Miss Barlowe is cer-

tainly one of the most charming women I have ever had the pleasure to meet. Just as I should have desired! I couldn't have made a better choice; they are perfectly suited. Yes, it is just as I should have desired."

Days passed. It fell to Marsham's lot to ride at Miss Barlowe's side so frequently, and always by the merest accident, that it was quite noticeable; he was also by her side at the table, and quite often golfed as her partner.

"Everything goes beautifully. They make an admirable couple. She certainly admires him, and he is—well, to say the least, he is interested in her. Yes, I am delighted." And yet, as she said this to herself, the expression at this moment on Miss Worthington's pretty face could scarcely have been called an "expression of delight."

The usual pleasures with which a thoughtful hostess entertains and occupies her guests were enjoyed at "Clearview," and it was voted the most hospitable of places; its mistress, however, seemed to rather feel the strain of her duties as hostess. Margaret Carlton observed, but did not comment on, the constrained, wistful look upon her face; and once she saw tears in Frances' eyes as she watched an unusually interested couple of golfers, but she quickly turned her head away so that her partner in the game could not see her face.

The last day before the breaking up of the party had come, and George Marsham had managed to golf with his hostess for the first time during his stay. After the game the various couples had dispersed, some seeking the hallway, some seeking the verandas. Mr. Marsham and Frances seated themselves upon a little knoll of ground some distance from the house, where they were completely hidden from view.

"Miss Worthington, why have you avoided me so these three weeks?"

"Avoided you, Mr. Marsham? You are, indeed, mistaken! The duties of hostess, you know. Then," with the faintest suspicion of a tremor, "I saw that you were engrossed in Miss Barlowe, and—and—I, naturally, tried to throw you together."

George Marsham leaned nearer the girl, and as he spoke she felt his breath upon her hair. "And have I not played the part well, just as you wished, always beside Miss Barlowe—at the table, on horseback, everywhere—when my thoughts were always with you, my eyes always hungry for you, for you, Frances?"

The girl's heart swelled. Had she heard him aright? What was this he was saying? Her brain was awlirl.

"But, Mr. Marsham, what do you mean? How can you say that?" Her voice was low and trembling.

He leaned even nearer; his lips almost touched her face. "I can

say it because—because I love you. By heaven, I mean it! Can't you see that I do, Frances, dearest?"

At that moment it seemed to Frances that the world did not need her work and her pen half so much as this one man needed her love.

"But—but Edith," she faltered.

"O, bother Edith!"

Some failures are successes, and some spiders are caught in the pretty webs of their own spinning; but, strange to say, they do not always "struggle."

"A STRAYED DUCK."



The Student's Soliloquy



To eat or not to eat; that is the question—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The pains and vacancy of outrageous hunger
Or to take arms against the sea of teachers,
And by opposing end them? To eat, to sleep
No more, and by sleeping to say we end
The indigestion and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To eat, to sleep;
To sleep, perchance to dream—ay, there's the point;
For in that sleep of peace, what dreams may come
When we have slept off those excruciating pains,
Must give us happiness—there's the consideration
That makes our lives last so long;
For who would bear the sufferings of uncalled-for hunger
To please another, although he may be right,
To mend the rules of rigid schools,
The insolence of teachers, and the spurns
That patient pupils have to undergo,
When she herself might put an end to this,
And thereby gain a perfect right
To eat or not to eat, whiche'er she likes—
Our school from whose great roof
No girl would wander, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of.
Thus teachers would make cowards of us all;
But the courage which we all possess,
Causes us to plunge headlong to Tony's stand
And indulge in candy, fruit, and cake.
Then, with regard for fear, we turn and fly,
And meet Professor Blanton with angry eye—
Soft, you, now!
The daring girl.

M. E. C.

Un Cuento Espanol



A FAMILIA del Señor Alejandro consistieron de sí y mejor y una hija llamada María. Hacer nuestro cuento más interesante, retrocederemos muchos años.

Un día María y algunas de sus amigas salieron cabalgando.

Como ellas fueron volviendo á casa María se cayó de su caballo. Ella fué alzado en una condición insensible y fué llevado á su casa.

Un médico fué inmediatamente mandado. Cuando venió, contó á sus padres que ella había estado injuriado de manera que ella no pudo jamás pasearse otra vez.

Como María era muy viva muchacha esto fué difícil á aguntar.

A la vez de nuestro cuento, María había estado enferma hasta cuatro años. Los más afamados médicos habian estado consultado pero ningunos pudieron aliviar su condicion.

Cuando ella había estado informado que jamas sera un mejor un cambio vino sobre ella. Ella se hizo malcontenta y infeliz. Todo fué hecho por su decha pero todo fué inútil. Ella había hecho hasta frente su Dios. Dijo que no pudo tener fé en un Dios que era tan injusto.

Por la semana pasada había estado creciendo súbitamente peor. Llamó su madre á ella y le rogó á enviar para Padre Morís. Ellos enviaron para él pero no estaba en el pueblo y no volviera antes Viernes. Esto era Miercoles cuando ella era contado que Padre Morís no volviera hasta Viernes, tentó ser contento. Cada día creció más debil. Viernes mañana en fin vino. En entrar el cuarto de María en este día, uno pudo ver en un sofá cerca de la ventana la figura emaciada de una muchacha muy hermosa. Su pelo castaño estaba aflujando y sus ojos pardos tenian en ellos una tierna expresión de aspereza y ansia.

En fin la figura de un hombre viejo aparecio en la puerta. La muchacha tento levantarse pero pudo extender solamente las manos hacia él. Una voz baja dijo, "Padre, ha renido V. finalmente?" Entonces por algunos minutos el padre santo y la niña joven conversaron. Después el padre rogó a sus padres. Ella arrojó un brazo cerca de cada, y dijo en una clara voz "Querido padre y madre, soy finalmente reconciliado a mi Dios, hizo todo por lo mejor. No lamentad cuando salió, voy sólo a casa más brillante y allá con Jesús esperanos para Vds." La luz del sol puesto apalaba de penetrar en el cuarto cuando el espiritu de la muchacha se trasladó.

En muerte su semblante era hasta más hermosa que en vida. Pareció como si la gloria del cielo reposó en el.

ROWENA BENNETT CARTER.

A Plea for Words



THE days of opening one's literary efforts with an invocation to the Muses are past, else would I send up a plea for words, words, words. The most truly pathetic thing of the twentieth century is the dearth of those necessary articles in the vocabulary of the modern boarding-school girl.

Not that there are not ways open to the schoolgirl by which she can express herself forcibly, and even impressively; but where are the methods of Johnson and Webster? Surely the "wind has blown them all away," for they are usurped by the all-powerful slang.

The morning after the play the chum who did not go knows just the criticism to expect of the struggles of Mansfield, Jefferson, or any of the lesser lights. If the performance has chanced to impress that severest of critics favorably, the best friend listens for, "Simply corking, my dear!" or, if disappointment has awaited her at the playhouse, "A bum show" is her only comment.

Far be it from me to rail against slang; pardon me if I seem to, for I would not for the world. Some one older and wiser than any of us has said, "Variety is the spice of life;" but if the changing of that maxim were given to me, I should have it: "Slang is the spice of life." An expressive bit of slang quickens the blood, brightens the eye; and the lucky girl who has been quick enough to catch the latest phrase delivers it with all the air of a successful orator to an envious, wide-eyed audience.

The girl who was "crazy about Shakespeare" declared that she thought Hamlet was "the cutest thing," and that "spiel" he put up to himself was "all right." Doubtless the grave Prince of Denmark would have been "tickled to death," for not every one is liked who wishes to be. Our mothers, in their school days, were in the habit of being impressed with the sublimity of Hamlet's soliloquy.

But the question of putting aside this very expressive, though somewhat erratic, form of expression becomes rather a serious one. Will the future social leader hail her guests with the cordial, though familiar, salutation, "Halloo, old sport!" or will this modern boarding-school girl bundle her slang up in the camphor balls of memory and lay it by in the cedar chest of her schoolgirl days? Will her slang give way to conventional phrases as naturally as pigtails do to the fashionable coiffure or short frocks to the sweeping train? Pray Heaven that it may.

LILLIAN HOYT EWING.



GRANDMA'S CHRISTMAS STORY.

By SARA TREZEVANT BADHAM.

IT was Christmas Eve. The children were gathered around a great oak fire. At grandma's there were always large, cheerful fires; so it seemed to the children. They were occupied in telling stories and cracking nuts.

"Now, grandma, it is time for you to give us one of your true ones," cried Maggie, a bright-eyed girl of

twelve, drawing a stool close to the great easy-chair in which grandma always took her evening rest and looking expectantly into the smiling face above her.

Old Mrs. Byrant settled the dainty lace cap on her head with soft, wrinkled hands that trembled slightly, and remained silent for a moment.

"Well, Maggie," she said at length, "which shall it be?"

"O, do tell us how you came to marry grandpa!" interrupted a soft little voice from the far corner of the fireplace, and a pair of dreamy, brown eyes looked up from "Rose in Bloom," from which not even nuts and games had tempted her.

"Yes, that will suit us all, even the boys," exclaimed Maggie; "for, as it happened during the war, there was plenty of fighting."

"Well," said grandma, glancing at the eager faces before her, "ever since I was a child it was an understood fact that when Arthur and I were grown we were to marry. Our parents wished it; and, as we were both dutiful children, we were satisfied with their arrangements."

An arch glance from the dreamy eyes answered the smile in grandma's, but matter-of-fact Maggie and the boys nodded their approval unquestioningly, and grandma continued:

"When we were grown, the war broke out. My father was among the first to volunteer, and Arthur was to follow him in a fortnight. On Christmas Eve—just thirty-seven years ago to-night, dears—a ball was to be given at the Byrant plantation in honor of the soldiers who were going to the war. They were to leave in a week's time, and Arthur was to

be among them. It was my first ball; and, though the circumstances might well have sobered us, youth was very sanguine, and I was in a flutter of excitement for days beforehand.

"At last the auspicious time arrived. It was bitterly cold and was snowing heavily. I was to go on horseback with my maid to Mrs. Byrant's, where I was to spend the night. When we started, early in the afternoon, it was still very cold; but the snow had ceased, and here and there the sun was struggling to break through the clouds and to aid the warm earth in the task that it had already commenced of converting the fairy flakes into unsightly pools. Our horses splashed on through the muddy road, spattering us with dirty drops. I looked back at my maid. She was huddled on her horse—the picture of misery.

"'Lucy,' I called, sharply, 'if you are not more careful, you will drop my dress!'

"At last we reached our destination. How glad I was to get to a warm fire after my cold ride! Mrs. Byrant soon sent me to my room to rest before the gayeties of the evening should begin, and I gladly obeyed her suggestion, for I was very much fatigued. Telling Lucy to be sure to wake me in time to dress for the ball, I was soon asleep.

"In a very few minutes, it seemed to me, she came back and waked me. Undoing the bundle that contained my dress, she laid it on the bed. Like all young girls, I was very impatient. Never before had it taken me so long to dress. At length, however, my toilet was completed, with the exception of my white satin slippers. It was the work of a second to fasten one.

"'Hurry up, Lucy; I shall be late!'

"Lucy had turned her back, and seemed to be searching for something.

"'Fore de Lord,' she exclaimed, 'Miss Cinthy, I carn't find dat oder slipper nowhars.'

"'Nonsense!' I cried. 'You have overlooked it;' and I jumped up to search for the necessary article. By this time my maid was sobbing. 'Never mind,' I said, as cheerfully as I could; 'you must have dropped it on the road. I must wear one slipper and one shoe;' and, suiting the action to the word, I descended to the ballroom, literally putting my best foot foremost.

"The first dance was about to begin. I had not been seated long before Arthur came and asked me to open the ball with him. I half rose; then I remembered my shoe, and refused. Before I could offer an explanation he had turned away with a hurt look on his face, and had hurried off in search of another partner.

"Presently I saw Lucy beckoning to me and went to her. 'Miss Cinthy,' she cried, joyously, 'I'se done found de slipper. It had done

fallen in among de bed curtains.' She slipped it on and I went in the ballroom again. Some one asked me to dance; I knew I was doing a rude thing to Arthur, but I could not resist. We were soon in the midst of a Virginia reel. I had forgotten about Arthur.

"After the ball, as I was going to my room, he stopped me. Well, dears, I won't tell you about that. It is sufficient to say that we quarreled. The root of the evil was that luckless slipper; for when Arthur asked me why I would not dance with him, I was a foolish girl and refused to say a word about it. Next morning I returned home. A week passed, and by this time I regretted my hasty words; but it was too late to mend matters, for Arthur had joined his regiment.

"Then came evil days, my darlings; for every paper would bring us news of danger and disaster to the brave loved ones who had gone out to fight our battles. Those of us who were at home were kept busy, we girls especially, in knitting socks for the soldiers.

"One morning in July, as I was strolling in the garden, I saw Pomp, our old servant who generally went for the mail, returning to the yard in great excitement. 'What is it, Pomp?' I cried. 'Miss Cinthy,' he replied, 'I done heard at de office dat de biggest battle of de war so far done been fought.' I took the paper from him with a trembling hand, and was soon deep in the battle of Bull Run. Mechanically, I turned to the list of the killed and wounded. There it was: 'A. Byrant, First South Carolina.' Children, I see it yet." Grandma paused, and a hush fell on the listening group.

"It was in October. The leaves were fast turning to brown and gold, and I was glad, dears, that the happiness of summer was past; for the autumn and coming winter seemed to mock less at my broken heart. I was standing at my window one evening looking aimlessly out at the swaying tops of the cedars; for the day had been stormy and a keen wind now whistled triumphantly through the branches, when I saw a stranger walking rapidly up the drive. Something in his appearance made my heart beat rapidly and then stand still. I moved blindly in the direction of the door, and fainted on the threshold at Arthur's feet. He had been severely wounded on the battlefield, and was made prisoner; but at last he had been exchanged."

"And did you forget about your quarrel?" Maggie asked, as grandma ceased.

The old lady's face shone, though her eyes were misty. "Forget," she said, gently; "there was no room for remembrance, dearie, in the joy of that resurrection. Long afterwards, indeed, I told him the whole story of my belated slipper, and together we laughed over the mishap that had caused us so much pain."

"You always said that you forgave each other, grandma," said dreamy eyes, reproachfully.

"Yes, yes, little one," said grandma; "that we did, and we were married the next Christmas Eve."



The Higher Criticism of Shakespeare


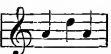






THE literature classes of Ward Seminary bid fair to shed much unexpected light on dark places in Shakespeare's immortal lines. One commentator, strictly of a scientific turn, seems to have analyzed the adorable Rosalind by means of the X ray, for she confidently informs us that the heroine of "As You Like It" possessed "an interior quite as attractive as her exterior." Another, whose specialty seems to be the modernizing of the poet's effete diction, would have Hamlet mourn that the Almighty has "fixed his gun against self-slaughter." We regret that she failed to bring the passage quite down by telling us whether the gun is a Gatlin or a Maxim. Still, in spite of a certain incompleteness, the work of these two original thinkers, and of others like them, marks a gratifying advance in Shakespearean criticism.







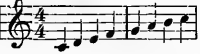
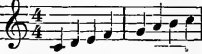






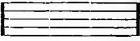
A Musical Incident



ONE bright morning not a very  ago a young lady named  went down town to buy a new P.

As she took her seat in the street car and opened her purse to pay the conductor, she dropped a  which rolled across the aisle. A young Vanderbilt student by the name of  whom she had met a  before at a musicale, stooped *Presto*, and, picking up the ,

handed it to her with an air of  She smiled at him *Dolce*, and expressed her thanks *Rapidentement*. They were becoming very well acquainted when, at a  in the road, they heard a  report, and, learning that the trolley had broken, were compelled to go the  of the way on foot. They walked *Largo* up Spruce street, and had gone about  the distance, when she *Subito* remembered a  which she was to leave at Ward for Miss   As he had an important engagement at the Polk  , he could only  long enough to say good by.

After accomplishing her errand at Ward,  went *Presto* to the music store, where she began the *Difficile* task of selecting a P. On leaving the store, she again met Mr.  and they walked home *Adagio*, well pleased with the experience of the morning.

Chorus Club



Flower
Star(r) Jasmine

Colors
White and Green

Motto
"Songs consecrate truth and liberty"

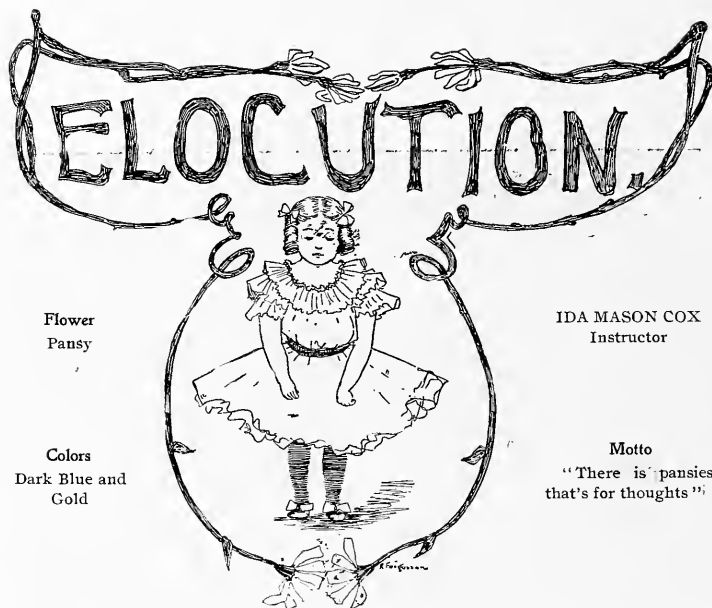


Officers

IRENE RUSSELL President
MARY T. COOLIDGE Vice President
ELIZABETH TAPPAN Secretary
MAY HARDIN Treasurer

Members

CLARA ANDERSON
MARY BRINGHURST
MARY BERRY FRANCES BERRY
ANNIE CLARY BESSIE CRAIGE
ADELE CLAUSEN MARY T. COOLIDGE
NELLE CROTHERS ELOISE EWING
LUCILE EVANS FLORENCE GOODE
BYRD HENDERSON MAY HARDIN
ELISHA HARRISON EULAH JONES ELIZABETH LAMB
MARY McDONALD ELISE McMILLAN
LILLA BELLE PITTS KATE PITTS
ELIZABETH ROGERS MARY RIXEY
IRENE RUSSELL ELIZABETH TAPPAN
ENID WARD MABEL ROWELL



Flower
Pansy

IDA MASON COX
Instructor

Colors
Dark Blue and
Gold

Motto
"There is 'pansies
that's for thoughts'"

OFFICERS

HARRIETT YOUNG McGAVOCK	President
LILLIAN DEARING	Vice President
MARY DAVENPORT	Secretary
LOUISE BRIGHAM	Treasurer
LUCILE VINCENT ROGERS	Business Manager

MEMBERS

KATE ALLEN	PEARL LONG
RUTH ALDRIDGE	BESSIE LUCAS
LOUISE BRIGHAM	TOMMIE LAUDERDALE
CELIA BAIRD	HARRIETT McGAVOCK
ADELE CLAUSEN	ADA QUARKES
MARY DAVENPORT	GERTRUDE RICE
LILLIAN DEARING	ANDREWENA ALEXANDER
MARY LEE DIBRELL	JULIA RANSOM
LAURA ELLIOTT	CAROLYN ROSENBAUM
BONITO HINTON	LUCILE VINCENT ROGERS
HELEN HINTON	EDNA RICHARDSON
WILLIE B. JARRATT	MARY BARBOUR RIXEY
ENID WARD	MINNIE TAYLOR
	LUCILE WILSON



PROGRAM

PART I.

MARY LEE DIBRELL

"EASTER SYMBOL"
Ruth McEnery Stuart

"THE SOUL OF THE VIOLIN"
Margaret Mantel Merrill

"THE ALBANY DEPOT"
William Dean Howells
(An impersonation
of seven characters)

a "THE LITTLE BLUE PIGEON"
Eugene Field

b "SLEEPY-TIME SONG"
J. Cheever Goodwin

PROGRAM

PART II.

LAURA NORVELL ELLIOTT

"MERCEDES"
Thomas Bailey Aldrich

Characters
LOUVOIS, a French captain
LABOISSIERE, a lieutenant
PADRE JOSEF, a priest
MERCEDES, a Spanish girl
URSULA, her grandmother
A sergeant and soldiers

"FAST FRIENDS"—COMEDIETTA
Re Henry
Mabel Miss Dibrell
Heien Miss Elliott

PROGRAM

PART I.

LUCILE VINCENT ROGERS

"THE SIGN OF THE CROSS" Wilson Barrett

CHARACTERS PRESENTED

NERO, Emperor of Rome	STEPHANUS, a boy twelve years of
POPPEA, wife of Nero	age, messenger of Favius
MARCUS, Prefect of Rome	MERCIA, a Christian girl, loved by
VIRTURIUS, commander of the soldiers	Marcus
TIGELLINUS, counselor to Nero	BERENICE, a patrician, who loves
LICINIUS, Edile of the district	Marcus
FAVIUS FONTELLAS, a philosopher and Christian	

SCENE I.

The Persecution of the Christians

SCENE II.
Wooing of Berenice

SCENE III.
Mercia Saves Marcus

PROGRAM

LILLIAN FRANCES DEARING

1 "HOW JINNY EASED HER MIND"
Thomas Nelson Page

3 "THE VILLAGE SEAMSTRESS"
Kate Douglas Wiggin

5 "URSUS AND AUROCHS"
Henry Sienkiewicz

7 "A WIFE'S PERPLEXITIES"
Mary Stewart Cutting

PROGRAM

HARRIETT YOUNG MCGAVOCK

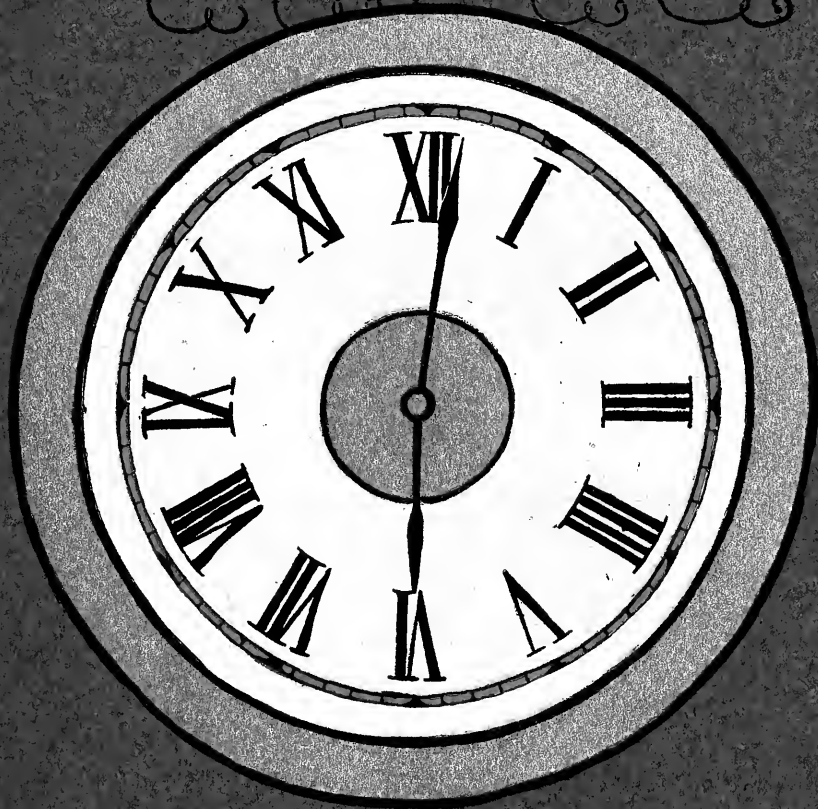
2 "AS THE MOON ROSE"
Pauline Phelps

4 (a) "KITTY OF COLERAINE"
Charles Damon Shanly
(b) "CONSTANCY"

6 "AUNT TABOR AT THE OPERA"

8 "CONNER"
Harper's Monthly

THE CLOCK



Verses

Bertha Hauser

Illustrations

Mary Fite Turley

SEVEN O'CLOCK



HE goes to breakfast in a flurry,

Her ribbons and belt donned in a
hurry.



EIGHT TO TWO O'CLOCK



ER lessons she cons from eight till
two,

With themes and topics not a few.



TWO O'CLOCK



T two P.M. to dinner she goes;

There's nothing to eat, she very
well knows.



THREE O'CLOCK



T three for a walk with teacher she
goes,

Although she had rather rest and
repose.



FOUR O'CLOCK



HIS hour, the loveliest of the day,

She reads or writes, sleeps or plays.



FIVE O'CLOCK



OW for tea she must prepare;

Put on ribbons, pin up hair.



SIX O'CLOCK



T six she hears the supper bell.

What's to come? She knows it
well.



SEVEN TO NINE O'CLOCK



IN study hall two hours she spends;

To work and fun these two she
lends.



TEN O'CLOCK



ALL snug in bed she seems to be.

"Sweet dreams to thee! Sweet
dreams to thee!"



ELEVEN O'CLOCK



ND now the feast they do prepare,

And try the teachers to beware.

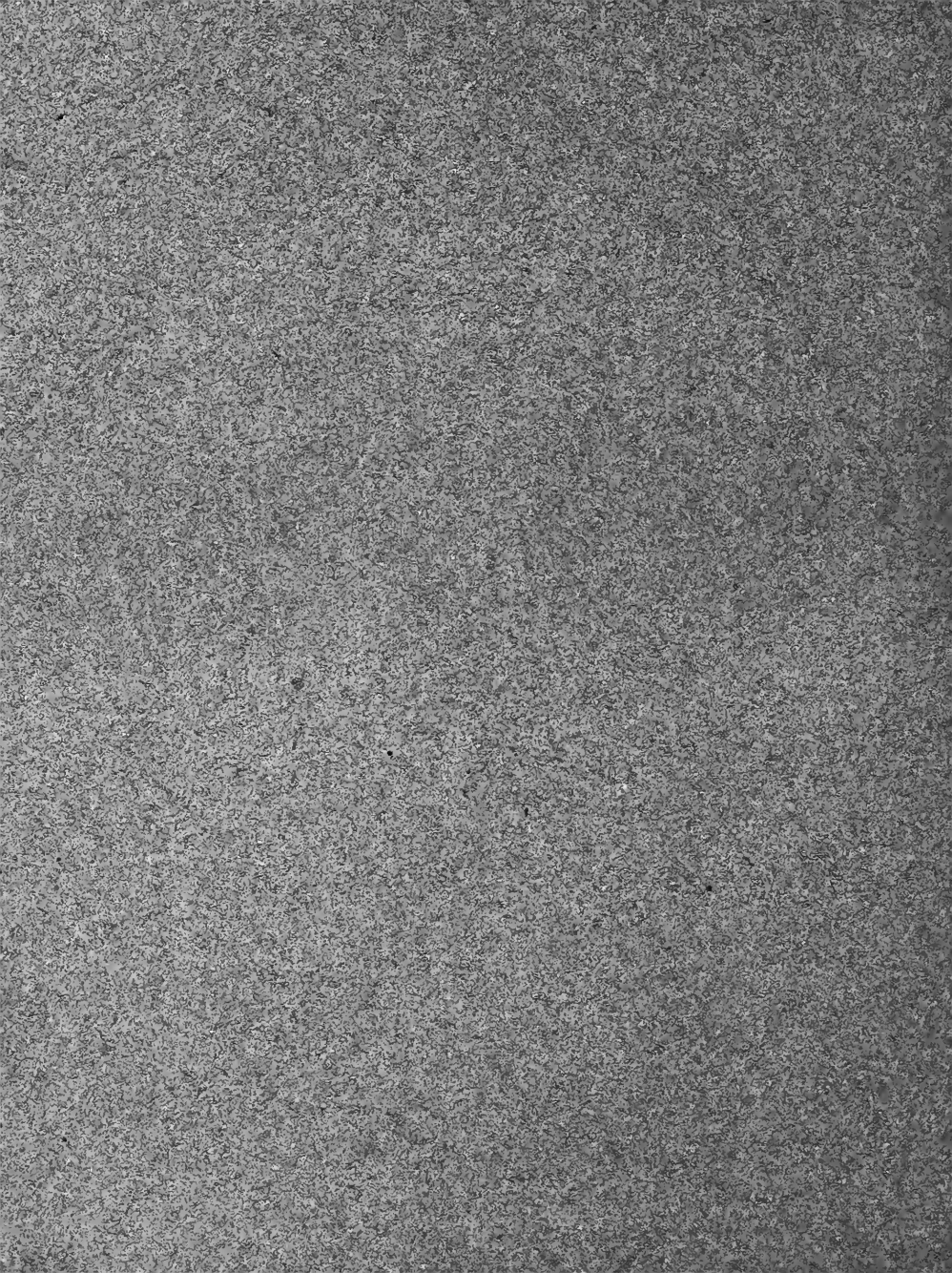


TWELVE O'CLOCK



HE FEAST.













The Grand High Monarch
Have Luck



Alpha Chapter of Delta Sigma Sorority

(Founded in 1894)

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Flower

Violet

Colors

Light Blue and Purple

OFFICERS

MARIE COCKE

Grand High Mogul

MARGARET McDONALD

Vice Regent

EVELYN WATKINS, Chartularia

NANNIE CRAIG, Quæstor

THE
IRIS
149

Yell

Delta Sigma, Delta Sigma!

Mayette, Mayette!

Dixie, Dixie, Dixie, Dixie,

Dum Vivimus, Vivamus.

ROLL FOR 1902-1903

MARIE TAPPAN COOLIDGE

MARY DAVENPORT

VIVA HARRISON

ELIZABETH ROGERS

MARGARET THEUS

MARIE COCKE

FANNIE EZELL

THERESA HENDERSON

LUCILE VARGRAVE ROGERS

NANNIE CRAIG

ANNIE KEITH FRAZIER

MARGARET McDONALD

MABEL SCALES

EVELYN WATKINS

BETA CHAPTER, AT OGONTZ-OGONTZ, PA.

Sorores in Urbe

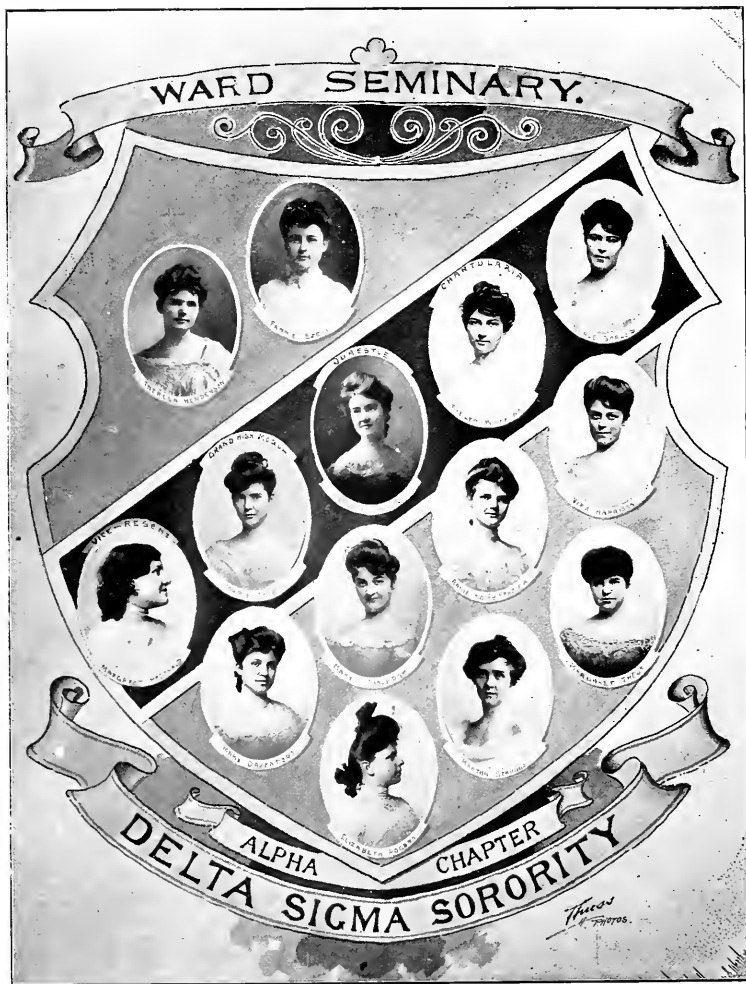
MARTHA LANIER SCRUGGS

Mrs. W. F. ALLEN

Mrs. J. E. GARNER

Mrs JOHNSON BRANSFORD

MISS JULIA DUDLEY









THE
IRIS
151



❁	<i>D. Q. R. Organization</i>	❁
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Organized in January, 1897



Colors
Emerald and Old Gold

Flower
White Carnation



OFFICERS

MARY SUMMEY	President
ELIZABETH LAMB	Vice President
MARY BARBOUR RIXEY	Secretary
CHRISTINA CARUTHERS	Treasurer
MARGARETTE WADE	Sergeant-at-Arms



MEMBERS

ELIZABETH LAMB	Tennessee
MARIE COTTER	Texas
BERTHA RAUSCHER	Tennessee
CHRISTINA CARUTHERS	Kentucky
MARY BARBOUR RIXEY	Virginia
MARGARETTE WADE	Tennessee
MARY SUMMEY	Tennessee



The D. Q. R.'s



IT came pass in the year Nineteen Hundred and Three that the D. Q. R. Club dwelt in the school of Ward; and the club grew and the members dwelt long in the land which their sisters had handed down to them through many generations.

It came to pass one day in the same year that one of our number became very sleepy in class, because of a long, weary journey that morning in the "Country of Wordsworth." Suddenly there came a voice from the distance, like unto the voice of thunder, speaking her doom: "Miss Summey, you had better wash your face."

In the same year, on the seventeenth day of the same month, a D. Q. R. appeared with a Phi Delta Theta pin. Great was the consternation among our host. When our leader knew the cause of the trouble, she begged that the awful pin be removed. The next morning Margarette was free again, and peace reigned in all the land.

Then a prophet from a far country came up to see us. So we drew near to him and besought him to unfold to us the mysteries of the future. Thus did he speak unto Bertha: "My child, fear not. Thou shalt not be an old maid; this I promise thee. In the days to come there shall be such a wedding as was never before seen in all the land; and this time you shall have the first place, and not the second."

There was one who had moved out from among us to live in a land inhabited by strange people. In vain did we plead with her, but Marie persisted in the way of the transgressor, and unto this day she remains in the city.

In those days there was a famine in all the land, for the people missed "Lamb," especially Margarette, who had a "Hardy" appetite; and the people murmured and cried unto their leader if, perchance, she knew how the plague could be removed. This wise leader called forth Chic(ken), which pacified the longings of the people.

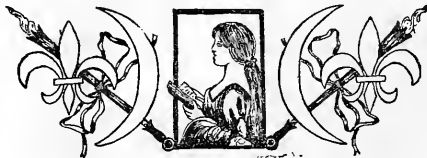
The sky was bright now for a long time, until one of our number fell sick and was compelled to go to the doctor every day. After several days of mourning, some one asked Floy the cause of this, and thus she spoke unto us: "Why, don't you know? It is because I can pass over by the corner of the Tulane without a teacher."

Now, Christine was a high-minded girl. Perhaps this can account for her preference for students who have dreams of a rectory. Her sisters pleaded with her to attend her own church; but it was all in vain, for she said that it was only at the Episcopal Church that she

could see the one she liked. And this is how it came to pass that our sister wandered from the right way.

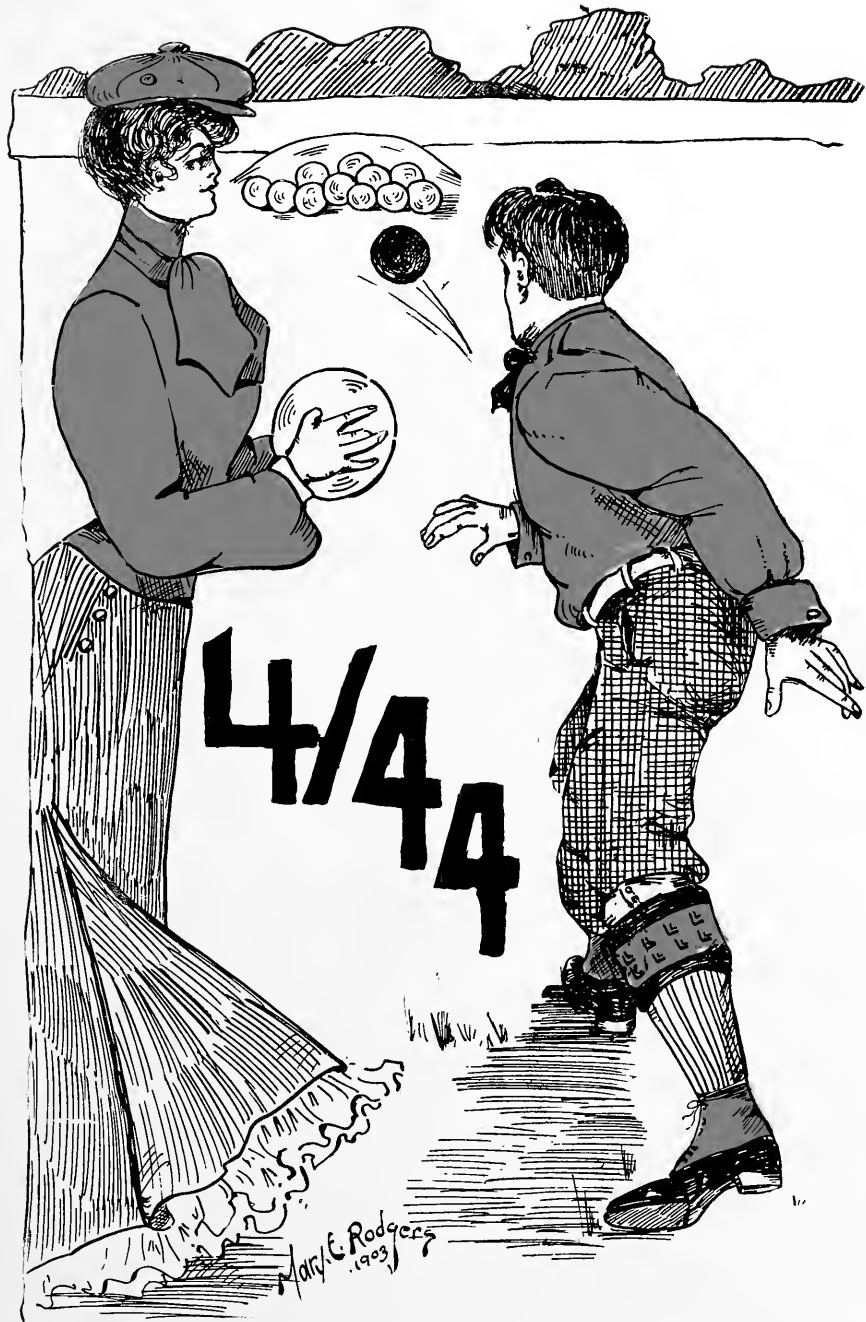
Alas! One day the sky was again clouded, when we realized that Hattie was fond of putting on "Ayres," for there was a great fear throughout the land. At last came the day when Bertha, our standby, declared that she could cure it; for she had a brother who was a specialist in this line. Then the brother was brought up, and Hattie forgot her "Ayres" and decided to settle down to the quiet life of a "Weaver."

O, my past and future sisters, we are ashamed and blush to lift our faces in the evening and in the morning, for Mary Barbour, our last to fall of all the Club of 1903! A long time she was faithful; but—alas!—at last she wandered from the "Wright" with a determined "Will." Since those days we have, for her sins, mourned in sackcloth and ashes, and hope that she will be forgiven by you against whom she has transgressed.











MISS LYDA JACKSON



Colors

Army Blue and Gold

Flower

Night-blooming Jasmine

THE
IRIS
159

OFFICERS

LYDA JACKSON	President
DAISY D. SMITH	Vice President
JOE CHEAIRS	Secretary and Treasurer
HALLIE HOPKINS	Sergeant-at-arms

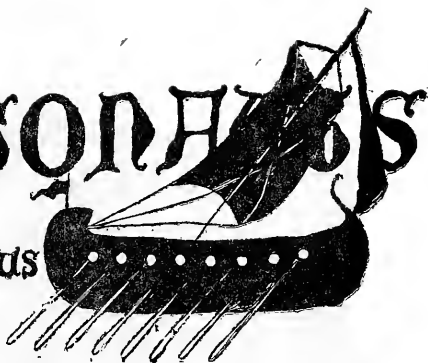
ROLL CALL, 1902-1903

LYDA JACKSON	Arkansas
HALLIE HOPKINS	Tennessee
JOE CHEAIRS	Mississippi
DAISY D. SMITH	Mississippi
FLOY WOOTEN	Arkansas
KATHLEEN CARR	Texas
MARY McDONALD	Arkansas



THE ARGONAUTS

HONOR BINDS US



Colors

Purple and Gold



Officers

ANNA R. COLE
President

MARTHA BUFORD
Vice President

SARAH BERRY
Secretary





THE ARGONAUTS

ORGANIZED IN 1903

MEMBERS

SARAH BERRY

MARTHA BUFORD

ANNA RUSSELL COLE

MARY DIBRELL

MARGARET FALL

NELLIE FALL

MARY FRAZER

LAURA MALONE

MARY LOUISE WARNER

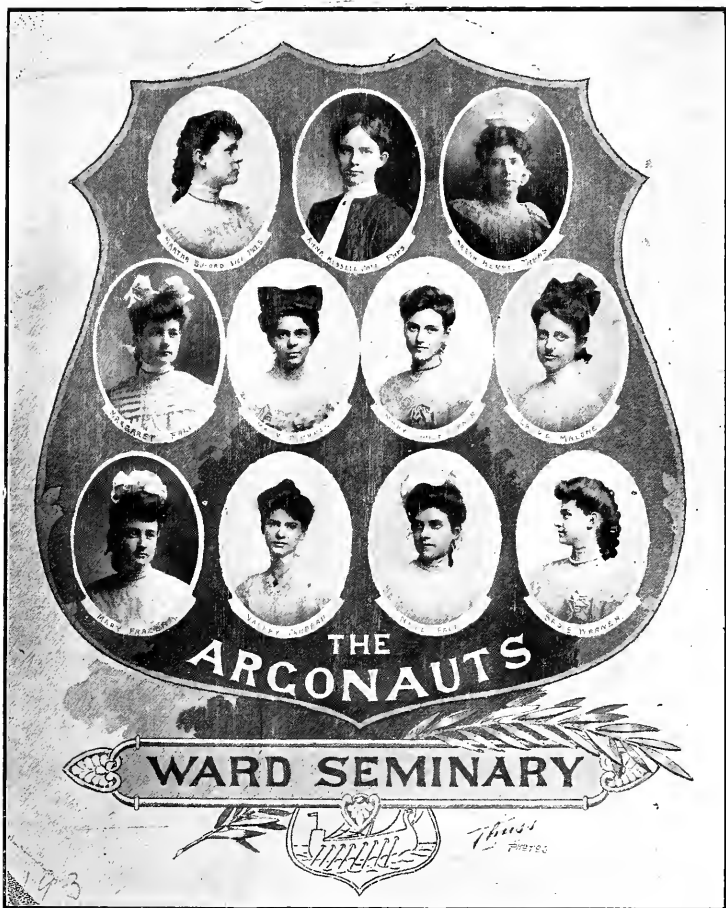
VALERY TRUDEAU

SADIE WARNER

Honorary Member

MISS ELIZABETH CHAPMAN





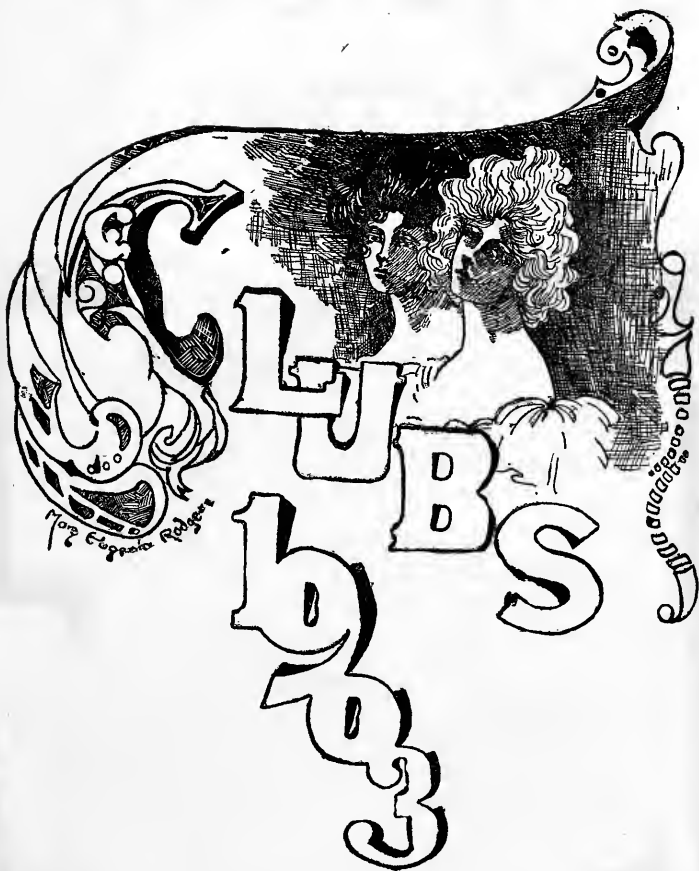


Pit-a-pat and Tip-a-toe



WARD'S mascots! Do you know
 Pit-a-pat and Tip-a-toe?
 They're loved where'er they go—
 Pit-a-pat and Tip-a-toe.
 Hair so soft and white,
 Eyes so kind and bright,
 A most engaging sight—
 Pit-a-pat and Tip-a toe.

Mrs. L.—n's darling pets,
 Pit-a-pat and Tip-a-toe;
 Whose slightest wish she ne'er forgets,
 Pit-a-pat and Tip-a-toe.
 For naughty tricks they sometimes smart;
 But, merry, in and out they dart,
 And they do their little part—
 Pit-a-pat and Tip-a-toe.



PHYSICAL CULTURE



JESSIE KILGORE WARDLAW
Director
GOLF AND TENNIS CLUB
1902-1903

"Health is the vital principle of bliss;
And exercise, of health"

OFFICERS

VIVA HARRISON	President
BERTHA RAUSCHER	Vice President
LYDA JACKSON	Secretary
LENA COLE	Treasurer



Programme of St. Cecilia Day

November 22, 1902

I. A musical game, entitled "The Wedding of the Operas."

1. Name the bride and the groom.
2. What was the bride called, from the circumstances of her wedding?
3. At what sort of party did they meet?
4. He went as a minstrel; what was he called?
5. She went as an Austrian peasant; what was she called?

6. At the wedding, what Spanish girl was maid of honor?

7. What noted Swiss was best man?

8. What two ladies (friends of Donizetti) were bridesmaids?

9. What four Germans were the ushers?



10. What mythological personage presided over the music?

11. Who sung at the ceremony?

12. What noted person from Japan was present?

13. What noted bells were rung in honor of the wedding?

14. Upon what ship did they take their wedding trip?

15. When on the voyage, who captured them?

16. What virtue sustained them in captivity?

17. What gentleman of dark complexion rescued them?

18. What historical people entertained them in France?

19. In Northeast Italy, what grand affair did they attend?

20. Who showed them the sights of Venice?

II. Piano selections from popular operas.

III. Refreshments served by four young ladies, representing "Carmen," "Bohemian Girl," "Yum-Yum" (from Mikado), and "Patience."

IV. Awarding of prizes, which were a picture of St. Cecilia (Hanjoki) and a musical calendar.

St. Cecilia

98



H, gentle maid, on whose radiant brow
Through all the years unfading genius
shines,
Thou didst not face grim martyrdom in
vain.

For happy birds awake to joyous lays;
The golden sunshine, telling the sad earth
Of that fair summer land beyond the sky;
Lovers who wander 'neath the silv'ry moon,
Happy, yet sad, smiling and yet weeping,
Telling the story old, and yet so new;
Children singing in their innocent glee,
Mothers at eve crooning their babes to rest;
The heroes who die at their land's behest—
These and every heart attuned to song
Shall voice thy praise while ages roll along.

ST-CECILIA

ORGANIZED IN FEBRUARY, 1897

Motto

"Ars longa, vita brevis"

Colors

Purple and Gold

Flower

Chrysanthemum

Yell

Barum, barum, barum!
Barum, barum, boree!
Allegre, presto, S. C. C.!

Club Day

St. Cecilia Day, November 22, 1903

OFFICERS

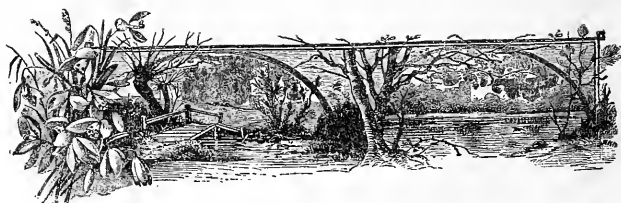
IRENE RUSSELL President

DOVEY MYERS Vice President

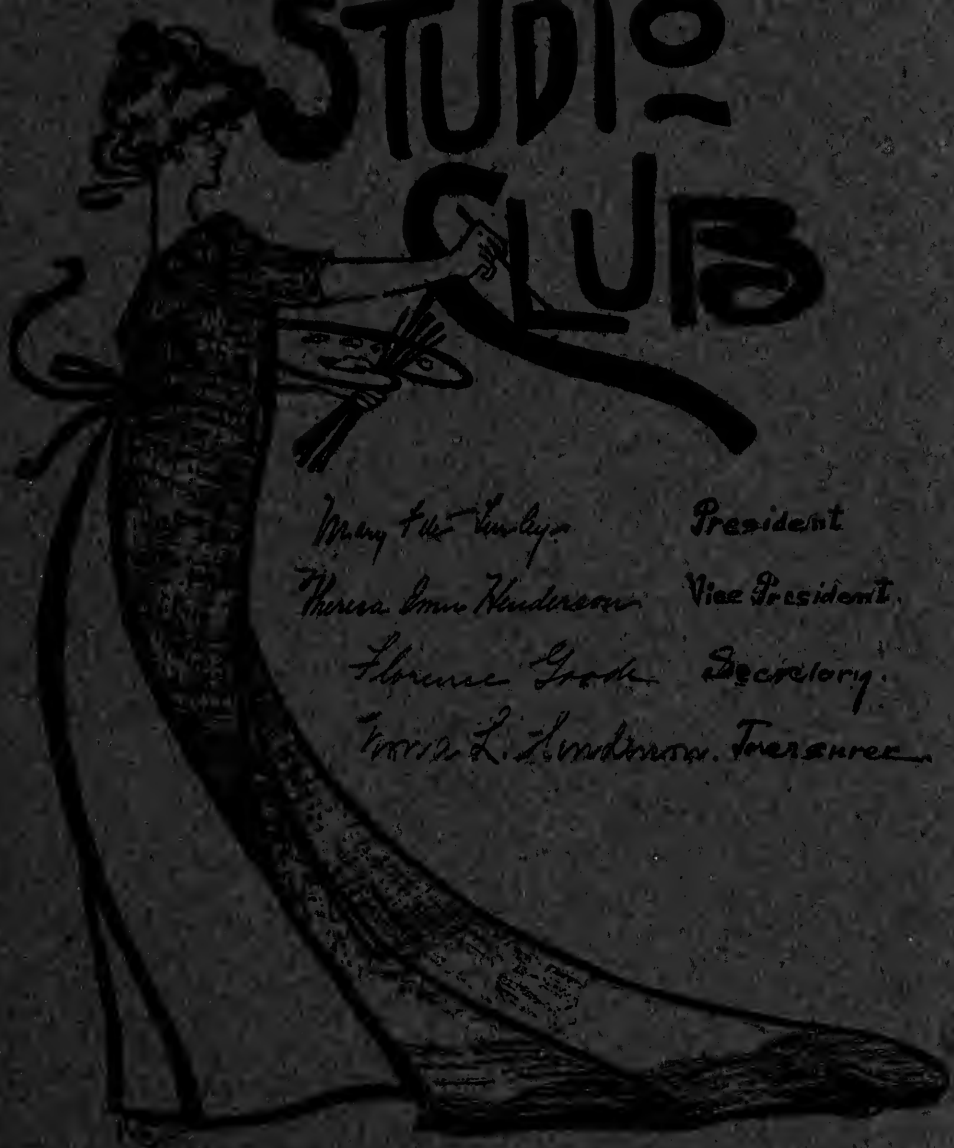
MABEL ROWELL Secretary

MARY McCRAE Treasurer

MISS ELIZABETH CALDWELL Musical Director



STUDIO CLUB



Mary E. Lively President
Theresa Ann Henderson Vice President
Florence Gode Secretary
Theresa L. Henderson Treasurer

ILLUSTRATORS.



FLORENCE GOODE

NONA HENDERSON

REBECCA BAIRD

THERESA HENDERSON

KATE TILLET CHRISTINE JOHNSON

CLARA MOORE

BETTIE ARCHER

MAY HARDIN

KATE PITTS

MRS. FLYNN

LUCIE WILKS

RUTH ALDRIDGE

GARLAND SMITH

MABEL POTTER

ANNA BLANTON

MARY FITE TURLEY

KATHLEEN CARR

JEANNETTE FISHER WILLIE BELLE CLARK



Y.W.C.A.

CABINET OFFICERS

FLORENCE GOODE President
 PEARL LONG Vice President
 EVELYN WATKINS . . . Secretary
 THERESA HENDERSON
 Treasurer



COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

LILLA BELLE PITTS Chairman of Prayer Meeting Committee
 MARY BOYD BRANSFORD Chairman of Lookout Committee
 IRENE RUSSELL Chairman of Missionary Committee
 LUTIE SCOTT Chairman of Music Committee
 MARY BARBOUR RIXEY Chairman of Reception Committee
 ELLEN SELMAN Chairman of Whatsoever Committee

Huntsville



Chorus



Yell

Razzle, dazzle!
Hobble, gobble!
Zip, boom, bah!
Alabama, Alabama!
Rah, rah, rah!

Colors

Crimson and White

Flower

Eglantine

OFFICERS

IRENE RUSSELL	President
BELLE DAVIDSON	Vice President
FLORENCE GOODE	Secretary
JOANNA BATTLE	Treasurer

MEMBERS

ELIZABETH PARKER, Tuscaloosa	NONA HENDERSON, Talladega
FANNIE BURTON, Madison	MARY HICKS, Talladega
JOANNA BATTLE, Huntsville	JESSIE HICKS, Talladega
BELLE DAVIDSON, Tuscaloosa	MARY BELLE JONES, Montgomery
MARY ELLEN GRAHAM, Prattville	MARY LILLY PRICE, Dayton
FLORENCE GOODE, Gastonburg	IRENE RUSSELL, Athens
ANNIE SCHIFFMAN, Huntsville	CORA SCHIFFMAN, Huntsville

MISSISSIPPI



Colors

Pink and Green

Flower

Magnolia

Motto

"Honor to us"

Yell

Sis boom, sis boom, sis boom bah !
Mississippi, Mississippi, rah, rah, rah !
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah ray !
Mississippi, Mississippi is all O.K. !

OFFICERS

NANNIE CRAIG . . .	President
LUTIE SCOTT . . .	Vice President
JOE CHEAIRS . . .	Secretary
ELISE MOORE . . .	Treasurer

THE
IRIS
175

MEMBERS

NANNIE CRAIG

CAROLYN ROSENBAUM

LUTIE SCOTT

RUTH ALDRIDGE DAISY D. SMITH

BETTIE ARCHER

VIVA HARRISON

MABEL SCALES

HELEN HINTON

BONITO HINTON

CLARA MOORE

FANNIE BERRY

Miss JESSIE K. WARDLAW

MARY BERRY

LUCILE WILSON

Honorary Member

MARY ZENOR

ELISE McMILLAN

LENA COLE

LILLA BELLE PITTS

LUCILE JACKSON

AGNES TAYLOR RE SUTHERLAND

JOE CHEAIRS

KATE EASON, KATE PITTS

ELISE MOORE



Colors

Crimson and Gold

Motto

"Honor to our State"

Flower

Daisy

Officers

THERESA HENDERSON . . . President
LOUISE BRIGHAM Vice President
MARY SUMMEY Secretary
MARTHA WILSON Treasurer
LEONORA BAILEY, LILLIAN DEARING
Sergeants-at-Arms

Yell

Boomalaka, boomalaka!
Bow, wow, wow!
Chinckalaka, chinckalaka!
Chow, chow, chow!
Boomalaka, chinckalaka!
Who are we?
The Ward girls of Tennessee!

EULAH JONES
FANNIE M. LONGMAN
BESSIE LUCAS
REBECCA LUCAS
ELIZABETH LAMB
BESSIE BARRINGER LYON
MARTHA MANEY
THERESA MCGAVOCK
HARRIETT MCGAVOCK
HELEN MORRISON
MACKIE PICKENS
KENNIE PICKENS
FLOY RATHER
LULIE RANDLE
BERTHA RAUSCHER
PEARL RANSOM
LUCILE VINCENT ROGERS
NINA SHOOFNER
MARY SUMMEY
— THATCH
MINNIE TAYLOR
NANNIE LEE TRIGG
MARGARETTE WADE
EVELYN WATKINS
MARTHA WILSON
ZELLIE WILKES

ANDREWENA ALEXANDER
NORA ARNOLD
AGNES BENNETT
LEONORA BAILEY
LOUISE BRIGHAM
ANNA BLANTON
ELIZABETH CALDWELL
MARGARET M. CALDWELL
ANNIE CLARY
LUCIE CLARK
BESSIE CRAIG
LILLIAN DEARING
KATHERINE DIBRELL
PHILA DONELSON
MARY DAVENPORT
FANNIE EZELL
ELOISE EWING
ANNIE KEITH FRAZIER
ALICE GIBSON
MARY HENDERSON
THERESA HENDERSON
SUSIE HICKERSON
ELISHA HARRISON
HALLIE HOPKINS
CORA HARDY
MARTHA HOPKINS
WILLIE B. JAKKATT

MEMBERS

ILLINOIS CLUB



Motto
"Live and learn"

Colors
Red and White

Flower
Clover Blossom

OFFICERS

BESSIE PARISH
President

MABEL POTTER
Vice President

GERTRUDE RICE
Secretary

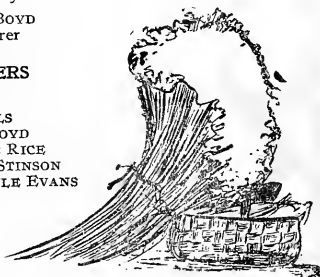
MABEL BOYD
Treasurer

MEMBERS

BESSIE PARISH
REBA WILLS
MABEL BOYD
GERTRUDE RICE
ANNIE STINSON
LUCILE EVANS

"Yell

Oske, wow, wow!
Skin-ee, wow, wow!
Illinois, Illinois, Illinois!



THE
IRIS

177

KENTUCKY

CLUB



Colors
Crimson and White

Flower
Daisy

Motto
"United, we stand; divided, we fall"

Yell
Horses, whisky, guns, and pluck !
We're the girls from old Kentuck !

Officers

MARY BOYD BRANSFORD	President
CLARA ELIZABETH PARK	Vice President
ELIZABETH ROGERS	Secretary
ANNA LEE FOREMAN	Treasurer

Members

MARY BOYD BRANSFORD	Owensboro
CLARA ELIZABETH PARK	Mayfield
ELIZABETH ROGERS	Versailles
LUCILE VARGRAVE ROGERS	Versailles
ANNA LEE FOREMAN	Taylorsville
ANNE LOGAN MUIR	Hodgensville
PEARL ROBERTSON	Smithland
CHRISTINE CARUTHERS	Elkton
MARTHA ALLEN	Morganfield

LOUISIANA.

OFFICERS

GERTRUDE SOKOLOSKI	President
MARGARET THEUS	Vice President
MARGARET BEERS	Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

MAY WILLIAMS MARY BRINGHURST



Colors

Olive Green and Blue

Flower

Wild Jasmine

Motto

"Johnny on the spot"

Yell

Rah, rah, rah !
Louisiana !

Chief Inspiration

Dripped Coffee



Motto

"Justice and peace rule the people "

Colors

Cardinal and White

Flower

Apple Blossom

Yell

Hickety huss, hickety huss!
Don't we make a lot of fuss?
Lots of jaw, lots of jaw!
We're the girls from Arkansas!

OFFICERS

CAROLINE MCRAE President
MARY McDONALD Vice President
HATTIE SHORT Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

CECILE BRYAN	ELISE MIMS
MABEL BRYAN	DARDIS MCDANIEL
MARIE COCKE	MARY McDONALD
MARY T. COOLIDGE	MARY E. MCRAE
MATTIE MAI DAVIS	CAROLINE MCRAE
SUNSHINE GREDITZER	HATTIE SHORT
MAY HARDIN	ELIZABETH TAPPAN
LYDA JACKSON	FLOY WOOTEN

Texas



Yell

Rattle de thrat, de thrat, de thrat !
Rattle de thrat, de thrat, de thrat !
Long horn, cactus thorn !
Texas, Texas, Texas !
Moo-o-o-o !
Texas !

Flower
Cactus

Colors
White and Gold

Motto

"Do others or they'll do you"



OFFICERS

MABEL ROWELL President
SUSIE SHELTON Vice President
ANNIE McKAMY Secretary
MILDRED ERWIN, Treasurer

MEMBERS

EUGENIE ALFORD Madame Pompadour
KATE ALLEN Florena Flirtenburg
FANNIE CAMPBELL Tiny Touch-me-not
BYRD HENDERSON Maney Doolittle
MILDRED ERWIN Susana Frisk
KATHERINE LINDSLEY Sherina Whitman
ANNIE McKAMY Faith Goodall
MABEL ROWELL Truth Downcast
SUSIE SHELTON Lorena Gigglesall
GARLAND SMITH Pricilla Silenceman
ENID WARD Queenie Queerman

THE
IRIS
181





South Carolina

Yell

Rah, rah, rah!
Re, re, re!
Carolina, Carolina!
S. C. C.!

Colors

Blue and White

Flower

Cotton Bloom

Motto

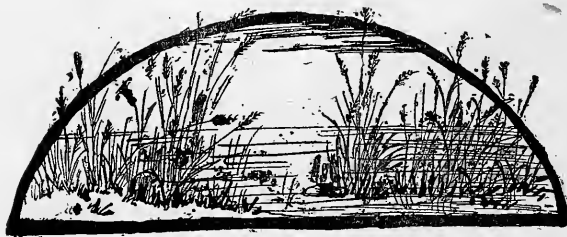
"To do or die"

OFFICERS

SARA TREZEVANT BADHAM	President
JENNY STEVENSON	Vice President
SARA T. BADHAM	Treasurer
JENNY STEVENSON	Secretary

MEMBERS

SARA T. BADHAM	JENNY STEVENSON
MISS M. L. McCLINTOCK	Honorary Member



MISCELLANEOUS.



THE
IRIS
183

French Club

Motto

"Jamais En Arriere"

Colors

Red, White, and Blue

Flower

Fleur de Lis

— — —

Officers

M'LE ANTOINETTE FLEURY LEADER

MISS CALDWELL BUSINESS MANAGER

Members

JOHNNIE BLANTON

MOLLIE MCCLINTOCK

ANNIE BLANTON BETTIE CHAPMAN

LIZZIE CALDWELL SALLIE McILWAINE

BESSIE JAY PARKER

LILLIE MORTON

MICKEY McDONALD

CHIC HARDY

— — —

Queries

Why is Mickey McDonald so very deliberate?

Why cannot Lizzie Caldwell learn the numerals? She is big enough.

Why does Sallie McIlwaine know every one else's question better than her own?

Why should Lillie Morton confound the words "fiancé" and "financier" and be so embarrassed thereby?

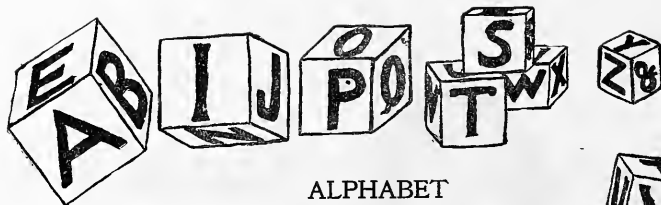
Why should the club be convulsed when Mademoiselle asks Bettie Chapman the harmless question: "Mademoiselle, aimez-vous entendre chanter les petits oiseaux le matin?"

— — —

The prize for regular attendance has been awarded to Johnnie Blanton.

Le Suivant !





ALPHABET



- A** is for Agnes, a very good girl,
Whose travels extended all over the world.
- B** is for Bessie, and every one knows
Her highest ambition is Vanderbilt beaux.
- C** is for Carter, so graceful and gay;
May she ever be with us, both by night and by day.
- D** is for Dudley, Amelia's last name,
But for only a few years will it be the same.
- E** is for "Excellent," which the smart girls do get,
And it is a sure sign of energy "To Let."
- F** is for Fermine, the Pride of Ward School,
Who never was known to disobey any rule.
- G** is for Gertrude, and also for Goode,
Who studied each day as much as they could.
- H** is for Home, where dwell memories sweet
Of boys and dances and good things to eat.
- I** is for the writer, whose modesty tends
To remain anonymous until the end.
- J** is for John. Now you may think she's a boy;
I hate it, but I have your expectations to destroy.
- K** is for Kate, who on us threatens to tell;
But we only laugh, for we know her too well.
- L** is for Louise, in French unsurpassed.
She is always the first to get to her class.
- M** is for Martha, our prophet renowned,
Whose poetic fame has spread through our town.
- N** is for Neil. Though unusually small,
She is loved and honored by her classmates all.
- O** is for Odil, with those large, brown eyes,
And I am sure in their depths some magic lies.
- P** is for Potter and Park, friends true,
Who admire "beautiful" poetry as few others do.
- Q** is for Questions we are asked each day,
And for the right answers we earnestly pray.
- R** is for Recess, when to Mrs. Tony's we run;
But if we are caught, you may be sure it's no fun.
- S** is for Sadie, the Class President.
To her all the work for "The Iris" is sent.
- T** is for Tip-a-Toe, our Pit-a-pat's child;
And when the girls see her, they almost go wild.
- U** is for Us, the Class of 1903.
When we are gone, what will the school be?
- V** is for Valery, a bad little girl,
Whose equal will ne'er be found in this world.
- W** is for Ward, a school for young ladies;
We have them all sizes, from grown down to babies.
- X, Y, and Z** are so troublesome to use
I think I will bid farewell to my muse.

VALERY TRUDEAU.

CHEAP COLUMNS.

Matter under this head, SEVEN CENTS PER LINE, seven ordinary words to the line. No advertisement taken for less than fifteen cents. Advertisements must be handed in by twelve o'clock, noon, to insure publication in all issues of same date.

'tis
sweet
to
court
but
oh
how
bitter
to
court
a
gal
and
then
not
git
her
balls!
the
mule
stood
on
the
steam-
hoat
deck
the
land
he
would
not
tread
they
pulled
the
halter
around
his
neck
and
beat

WANTED.

WANTED—The ninth encore.
C. ROLAND FLICK.

WANTED—Position as "Modern Sapphira."
Recommendations given.
NONA HENDERSON.

WANTED—Pupils on the accordion; hours:
3 P.M. until 6 P.M.; 9 P.M. until 1 A.M.; noise
all hours. Apply to
VIVA HARRISON.

WANTED—A trip to *England*.
KATHERINE LINDSLEY.

WANTED—A position as reporter on the
"Daily News." Apply to
MARY DAVENPORT.

WANTED—A topic for conversation. Ap-
ply to
BESSIE CRAIGE.

WANTED—A tonic warranted to produce
the love of Miss Chapman. Apply to
MISSES SUMMEY and PRICE.

WANTED—A position as nursery govern-
ess. Apply to
IRENE RUSSELL.

WANTED—An instructor of Flinch. Ap-
ply to
THE WARD TEACHERS.

WANTED—A competent translator of Ger-
man. Apply to
MISS CORA HARDY.
Per E. Wilm.

WANTED—A subscription to "The Iris."
MARTHA BUFORD.

WANTED—Girls with strong constitutions
to take to the flour mills and cooking schools.
Apply to
MISS ELIZABETH PARKER.

WANTED—To know what you are goin
for
is
thin
sensi
op

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Revised version of the Bible.
Sample verse: "Consider the ravens of the
field; they toil not, neither do they spin."
Apply to
KATE EASON.

FOR SALE—New edition of "The Life of
Matthew Arnold, the American Traitor."

LOST.

LOST—A bottle of antifat. Finder please
return to HETTIE DUNCAN and receive
ample reward.

LOST—A Ward pin. Return to
ELIZABETH MURRAY.

LOST—"Thoughts on Love and (W) Right."
Finder please return to
BESSIE TAPPAN.

LOST—One year's sleep. Please return to
MARIE COCKE.

LOST—The art of getting thin. Return to
MISSES COOLIDGE and CRAIG.

FOUND.

FOUND—A name for violin.
C. ROLAND FLICK.

FOUND—That I have violins, racks, and
music for sale.
LUTIE SCOTT.

PERSONAL.

LADIES—Use our celebrated and

him
over
the
head

but
he
would
not
go

balls!

I
hope,
young
ladies,
that
you
all
will
get
all
you
want
and
that
none
of
you
may
be
left
on
the
market

respect-
fully,
The
Com-
positor

THE
IRIS
187



Pet Sayings

MISS MCCLINTOCK: "Good! O, yes, you do know it!"

MISS CHAPMAN: "How many of you expect to graduate?
What is the poetical justice?"

MARGARET FALL: "Now, that's logic for you."

CECILE BRYAN: "I don't know, but—"

ELIZABETH MURRAY: "Far be it from me to criticise."

SHIRLEY CUMMINS: "I beg your pardon."

ROWENA CARTER: "I positively don't know a thing."

ELIZABETH DALLAS: "Bon jour, mademoiselle."

LEONORA BAILEY: "If I were a king—ah, love, if I were a king, what tributary nations would I bring to swear allegiance to your lips and eyes and hair!"

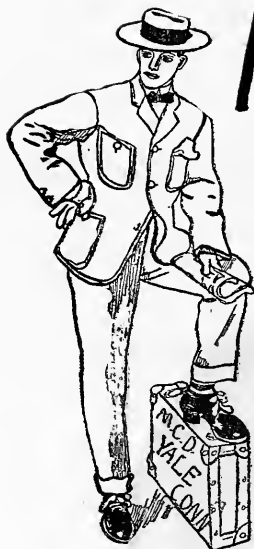
MISS HARDY: "Punctuation faulty."

VALERY TRUDEAU: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you, but do them first."





THE
IRIS
189



MAIL CLUB

Colors
Black and White

Flower
Bachelor's Buttons



Motto

"'Tis better to give than to receive."



OFFICERS

White

IRA RUSSELL	Postmaster General
ARTHUR BLANTON	City Mail Inspector
MR. MILLER, Superintendent of Branch Office	
JIMMIE HARRISON	Mail Carrier
CHRISTOPHER CARUTHERS	Mail Carrier

MAIL DISTRIBUTORS

MAX DAVENPORT
CHRISTOPHER CARUTHERS
JIMMIE HARRISON
KARL PITTS

Black
DENNIS
Express Messenger
McKEEVAR
Patrol



b ba balls! where nd that this is me from essee nt for people will do to you will be a	GRADUATE'S RECITAL Last evening in Ward Seminary chapel one of the most enjoyable elocution re- citals of the season was given by Miss Mabel Scales. Miss Scales is an exceed- ingly talented young woman, showing thorough training and marked dramatic abilities. She gave her selections with an ease and grace rarely found in one so young. The hit of the evening was a sparkling little piece called "The Mail Carrier's Courtship." <hr style="width: 20%; margin: 10px auto;"/> Mayor Head is contemplating an over of the se al ments.	that which wor ries me most is that I am not a mind reader so I can tell what you want
--	--	--



Sent by mistake to Max Davenport

DEAR JIMMIE: I thank you so very much for the beautiful flowers which you sent me last evening. They were simply lovely, and I can't begin to tell you how much I appreciate them.

I am glad you enjoyed the "Mail Carrier's Courtship." I think it is quite an attractive little selection, only I always get angry with the heroine for sending the wrong letters to the wrong people. Careless girl! Moral: Look better before you seal.

Mrs. Blanton has given us back our privileges—thank goodness!—and, at last, "poetic justice," which has been meted out to us in large quantities since the first of April, has been discontinued for the present; so I shall be delighted to see you Friday afternoon, and I hope you will tell me why you think there is anything serious between Max Davenport and myself. Yale is entirely too far away for me to think seriously of him. It is an exploded theory, you know, that "absence makes the heart grow fonder;" so you have absolutely no cause to be jealous of him.

I am delighted to hear that Carl Pitts is at Vanderbilt now, and I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing him soon.

My! Here is the bell; so I guess I will have to say good night.

Thanking you again for the flowers, and hoping to see you Friday, I am,

Faithfully yours,

Ward, April 18, 1903.

MABEL SCALES.





Sent by mistake to Jimmie Harrison

DEAREST MAX: As study hall is almost over, I shall only have time for a short note to-night.

The recital came off beautifully; and, really, I feel quite proud of myself. Every one seemed to like that little selection entitled "The Mail Carrier's Courtship" so much. You remember it appeared as a storiette in one of the magazines last fall, and we read it together the day you left for Yale.

Let me tell you something funny. You remember that horrible bore we met last summer, one Mr. Jimmie Harrison, from Macon, Miss. Well, he simply pursues me on all occasions. I have been dreadfully rude to him at times, but he never seems to take the hint. He seems to be rather jealous of you, and I came within an ace of telling him of our engagement the other day; but it is rather nice to flirt with him, and you don't care, do you, Max?

How is Christopher Caruthers getting along? Be sure to tell him "hello" for me.

O, there is the bell! Every time I start to do anything here the bell rings. Take care of yourself and be a good boy.

Ward Seminary, April 18, 1903.

As ever,

MABEL.





Form No. 2.

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

— INCORPORATED —
21,000 OFFICES IN AMERICA. CABLE SERVICE TO ALL THE WORLD.

THOS. T. ECKERT, President and General Manager.

Receiver's No.
15Time Filed.
8:30 A.M.

Check.

SENDthe following message subject to the terms
on back hereof, which are hereby agreed to.

April 21st 1903

To

Miss Mabel Scales,

Ward Seminary,

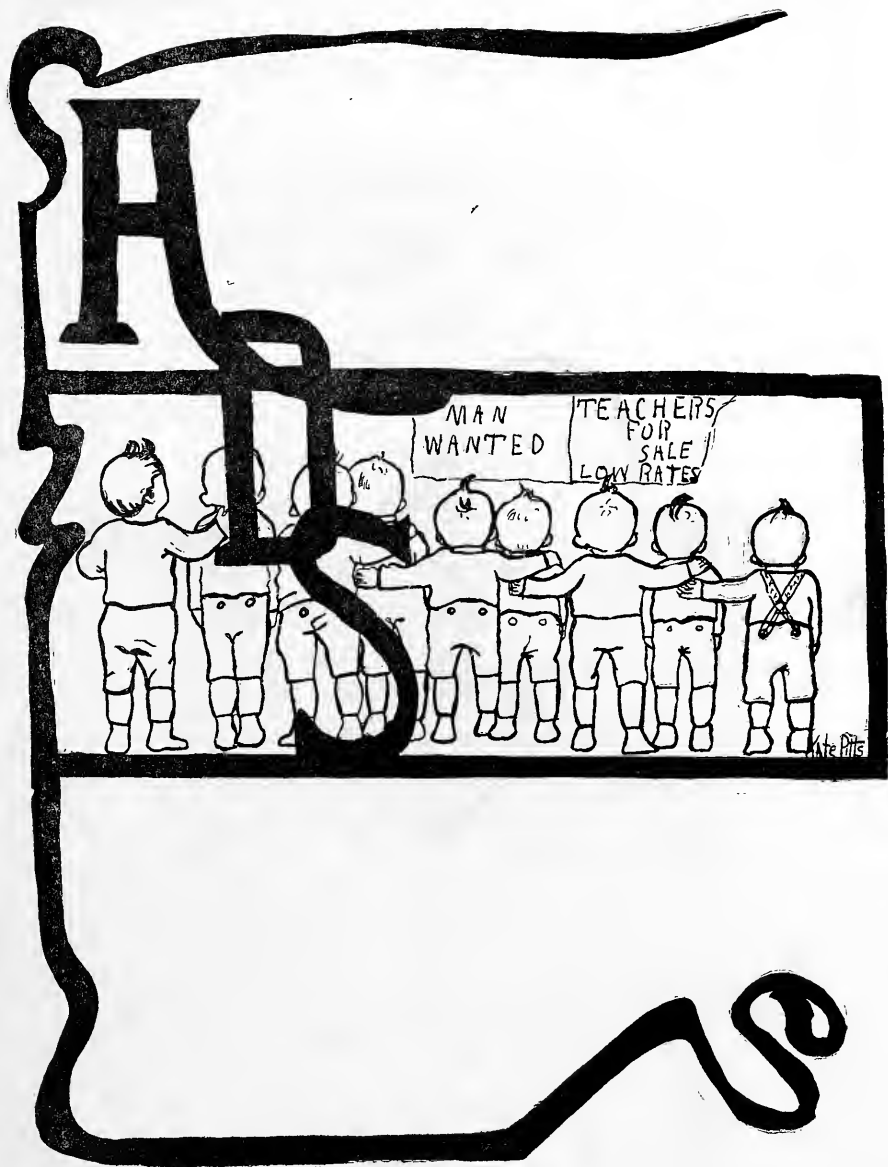
Nashville, Tenn.

Game	went	wrong.	Yale	lost.
Congratulations		to	Vanderbilt.	
			Max	Davenport.

READ THE NOTICE AND AGREEMENT ON BACK.



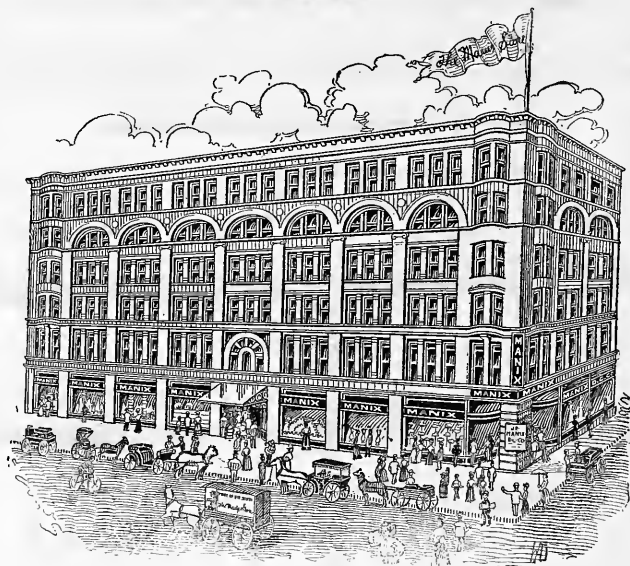




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❁		❁
	 <p>Thuss PHOTOGRAPHERS</p> <p>230 North Cherry Street</p> <p><i>Many of the groups in this book were made by this firm</i></p>	
❁		❁

THE YOUNG LADIES OF WARD SEMINARY

Have for a long time been partial to our bank.

We desire a continuance of this, and to that end we promise to always maintain the uniform courtesy and efficient service that have secured for us so many friends at your Seminary.

The Savings Department, which pays three per cent compound interest, is an excellent feature. We would be glad to mail you our booklet, which explains "how to start a bank account with \$1."

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College Street, Nashville, Tenn.

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is, and is so acknowledged, Tennessee's leading Democratic Newspaper. Delivered, 6 cents per week; by mail, 1 month, 25 cents; 6 months, \$1.50; 12 months, \$3.00. ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴

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— AND —

Ready-made Garments



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JACK


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JAMES B. CARR
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SOLID GOLD, \$1.50

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TO-WEAR
DEPARTMENT**

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Newest Novelties ❧



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Lace Curtains**

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Silks
Dress Goods
Gloves
Ribbons
Handker-
chiefs, Etc.**

A Great Variety
Special Inducements
to all Young Ladies
attending Ward Sem-
inary ❧ ❧ ❧

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IS TO PLEASE**

**We Know Our
Goods and Prices
are Right**



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For Women, Misses,
and Children. Buy
Your Shoes Here ❧
❧ and be Satisfied



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LATEST IN
FINE MILLINERY**

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Given All Orders In-
trusted to Us ❧ ❧



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Hand Bags, Etc.**

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Up-to-date Shoes
... at Right Prices

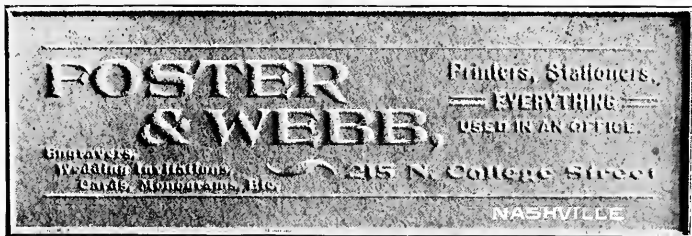
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FOR FINE FEET



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to see us

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NASHVILLE, TENN





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D. L. ANDERSON, TREASURER

J. H. HOWE, MANAGER
JNO. B. HOWE, SUPERINTENDENT

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FACTORY, CORNER CHERRY AND JACKSON STREETS

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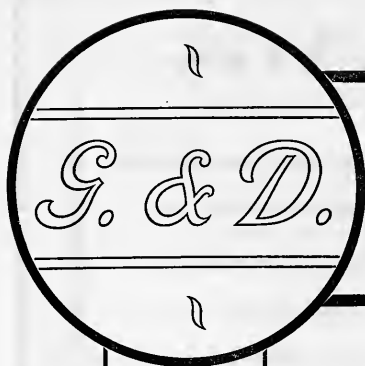
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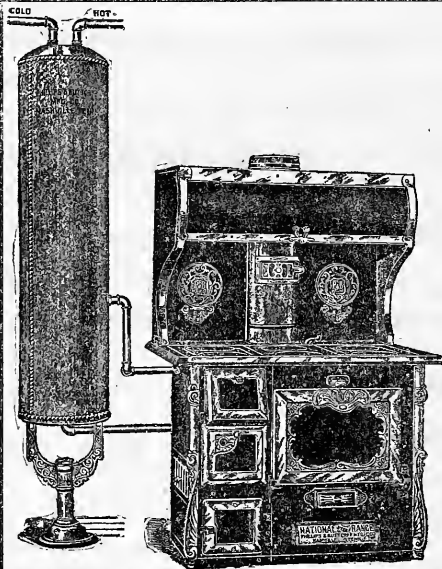
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